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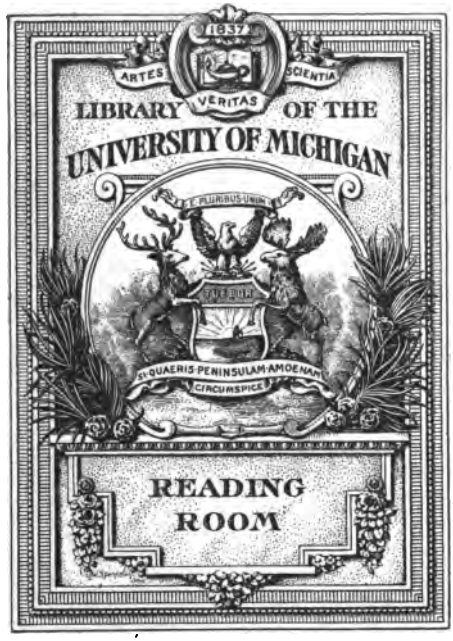
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THE

WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

IN THREE VOLUMES COMPLETE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

By PATRICK MURDOCH, D.D. F.R.S.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXXVIII.

TO THE

KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

THIS COMPLETE EDITION OF
THE WORKS OF JAMES THOMSON,

WHO WAS
PARTICULARLY HONOURED WITH
THE FAVOUR AND PATRONAGE OF
HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL PARENTS;

AND WHOSE STRAINS
HAVE BEEN AUSPICIOUSLY PROPHETIC
OF THE PRESENT GLORIOUS REIGN;

IS,
WITH THE MOST PROFOUND HUMILITY,
INSCRIBED AND DEDICATED,
BY
HIS MAJESTY'S
MOST DUTIFUL SUBJECT
AND SERVANT,

PATRICK MURDOCH.

132.c.24

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AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

Mr. JAMES THOMSON.

IT is commonly ſaid, that the life of a good writer is beſt read in his works; which can ſcarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits; the diſtinguiſhing character of his mind, his ruling paſſion, at leaſt, will there appear undiſguiſed. But however juſt this obſervation may be; and although we might ſafely reſt Mr. *Thomſon*'s fame, as a good man, as well as a man of genius, on this ſole footing; yet the deſire which the Public always ſhews of being more particularly acquainted with the hiſtory of an eminent author, ought not to be diſappointed; as it proceeds not from mere curioſity, but chiefly from affection and gratitude to thoſe by whom they have been entertained and inſtructed.

To give ſome account of a deceaſed friend is often a piece of juſtice likewiſe, which ought not to be refuſed to his memory: to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which officious Biographers are ſo apt to collect and propagate. And we may add, that the circumſtances of an author's life will ſometimes throw the beſt light upon his writings; inſtances whereof we ſhall meet with in the following pages.

Mr. *Thomſon* was born at *Ednam*, in the ſhire of *Roxburgh*, on the 11th of *September*, in the year 1700. His father, miniſter of that place, was but little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-preſbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but highly reſpected by them, for his piety, and his diligence in the paſtoral duty: as appeared afterwards in their kind offices to his widow and orphan family.

The Reverend Meſſrs. *Riccarton* and *Guſthart* particularly, took a moſt affectionate and friendly part in all their concerns. The former, a man of uncommon penetration and good taſte, had very early diſcovered, through the rudeneſs of young *Thomſon*'s puerile eſſays, a fund of genius well deſerving culture and encouragement. He undertook therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his ſtudies, furniſhed him with the proper books, corrected his performances; and was daily rewarded with the pleaſure of ſeeing his labour ſo happily employed.

The other reverend gentleman, Mr. *Guſthart*, who is ſtill living *, one of the miniſters of *Edin-*

* 1762.

burgh, and ſenior of the Chapel Royal, was no leſs ſerviceable to Mrs. *Thomſon* in the management of her little affairs; which, after the deceaſe of her huſband, burdened as ſhe was with a family of nine children, required the prudent counſels and aſſiſtance of that faithful and generous friend.

Sir *William Bennet* likewiſe, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with our young poet, and uſed to invite him to paſs the ſummer vacation at his country ſeat: a ſcene of life which Mr. *Thomſon* always remembered with particular pleaſure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir *William* and Mr. *Riccarton*, or for his own amuſement, he deſtroyed every new year's day; committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order; and crowning the ſolemnity with a copy of verſes, in which were humorouſly recited the ſeveral grounds of their condemnation.

After the uſual courſe of ſchool education, under an able maſter at *Jedburgh*, Mr. *Thomſon* was ſent to the Univerſity of *Edinburgh*. But in the ſecond year of his admiſſion, his ſtudies were for ſome time interrupted by the death of his father; who was carried off ſo ſuddenly, that it was not poſſible for Mr. *Thomſon*, with all the diligence he could uſe, to receive his laſt bleſſing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations ſtill remember ſome extraordinary inſtances of his grief and filial duty on that occaſion.

Mrs. *Thomſon*, whoſe maiden name was *Hume*, and who was co-heireſs of a ſmall eſtate in the

country, did not ſink under this misfortune. She conſulted her friend Mr. *Guſthart*; and having, by his advice, mortgaged her moiety of the farm, repaired with her family to *Edinburgh*; where ſhe lived in a decent frugal manner, till her favourite ſon had not only finiſhed his academical courſe, but was even diſtinguiſhed and patroniſed as a man of genius. She was, herſelf, a perſon of uncommon natural endowments; poſſeſſed of every ſocial and domeſtic virtue; with an imagination, for vivacity and warmth, ſcarce inferior to her ſon's, and which raiſed her devotional exerciſes to a pitch bordering on enthuſiaſm.

But whatever advantage Mr. *Thomſon* might derive from the complexion of his parent, it is certain he owed much to a religious education; and that his early acquaintance with the ſacred writings contributed greatly to that *ſublime*, by which his works will be for ever diſtinguiſhed. In his firſt pieces, the *Seaſons*, we ſee him at once aſſume the majeſtic freedom of an Eaſtern writer; ſeizing the grand images as they riſe, clothing them in his own expreſſive language, and preſerving, throughout, the grace, the variety, and the dignity which belong to a juſt compoſition; unhurt by the ſtiffneſs of formal method.

About this time, the ſtudy of poetry was become general in *Scotland*, the beſt *Engliſh* authors being univerſally read, and imitations of them attempted. *Addiſon* had lately diſplayed the beauties of *Milton*'s immortal work; and his remarks on it, together with Mr. *Pope*'s celebrated *Eſſay*,

had opened the way to an acquaintance with the beſt poets and critics.

But the moſt learned critic is not always the beſt judge of poetry; taſte being a gift of nature, the want of which, *Ariſtotle* and *Boſſu* cannot ſupply; nor even the ſtudy of the beſt originals, when the reader's faculties are not *tuned in a certain conſonance* to thoſe of the poet: and this happened to be the caſe with certain learned gentlemen, into whoſe hands a few of Mr. *Thomſon*'s firſt eſſays had fallen. Some inaccuracies of ſtyle, and thoſe luxuriancies which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and cenſure; ſo far indeed they might be competent judges: but the fire and enthuſiaſm of the poet had entirely eſcaped their notice. Mr. *Thomſon*, however, conſcious of his own ſtrength, was not diſcouraged by this treatment; eſpecially as he had ſome friends on whoſe judgment he could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances. Only, from that time, he began to turn his views towards *London*; where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement; and an accident ſoon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

The divinity chair at *Edinburgh* was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. *Hamilton*; a gentleman univerſally reſpected and beloved; and who had particularly endeared himſelf to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candor and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was pre-

ſcribed to him for the ſubject of an exerciſe, a pſalm, in which the power and majeſty of God are celebrated. Of this pſalm he gave a paraphraſe and illuſtration, as the nature of the exerciſe required; but in a ſtyle ſo highly poetical as ſurpriſed the whole audience. Mr. *Hamilton*, as his cuſtom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the ſtudents the moſt maſterly ſtriking parts of it; but at laſt, turning to Mr. *Thomſon*, he told him, ſmiling, that if he thought of being uſeful in the miniſtry, he muſt keep a ſtricter rein upon his imagination, and expreſs himſelf in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr. *Thomſon* to underſtand, that his expectations from the ſtudy of theology might be very precarious; even though the *Church* had been more his free choice than probably it was. So that having, ſoon after, received ſome encouragement from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's, then in *London*, he quickly prepared himſelf for his journey. And although this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, it ſerved for the preſent as a good pretext, to cover the imprudence of committing himſelf to the wide world, unfriended and unpatroniſed, and with the ſlender ſtock of money he was then poſſeſſed of.

But his merit did not long lie concealed. Mr. *Forbes*, afterwards Lord Preſident of the Seſſion, then attending the ſervice of Parliament, having ſeen a ſpecimen of Mr. *Thomſon*'s poetry in *Scotland*, received him very kindly, and recommended

him to ſome of his friends: particularly to Mr. *Aikman*, who lived in great intimacy with many perſons of diſtinguiſhed rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoiſſeur in painting, was become a profeſſed painter; and his taſte being no leſs juſt and delicate in the kindred art of deſcriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he ſoon conceived a friendſhip for our author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr. *Thomſon* was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verſes which he wrote on that occaſion.

In the mean time, our author's reception, whereever he was introduced, emboldened him to riſque the publication of his *Winter:* in which, as himſelf was a mere novice in ſuch matters, he was kindly aſſiſted by Mr. *Mallet*, then private tutor to his Grace the Duke of *Montroſe*, and his brother the Lord *George Graham*, ſo well known afterwards as an able and gallant ſea officer. To Mr. *Mallet* he likewiſe owed his firſt acquaintance with ſeveral of the wits of that time; an exact information of their characters, perſonal and poetical, and how they ſtood affected to each other.

The Poem of *Winter*, publiſhed in *March* 1726, was no ſooner read than univerſally admired; thoſe only excepted who had not been uſed to feel, or to look for, any thing in poetry, beyond a *point* of ſatirical or epigrammatic wit, a ſmart *antitheſis* richly trimmed with rhyme, or the ſoftneſs of an *elegiac* complaint. To ſuch his manly claſſical ſpirit could not readily recommend itſelf; till after a

more attentive peruſal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taſte. A few others ſtood aloof, merely becauſe they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and reſigned themſelves to an abſolute deſpair of ever ſeeing any thing new and original. Theſe were ſomewhat mortified to find their notions diſturbed by the appearance of a poet, who ſeemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a ſhort time, the applauſe became unanimous; every one wondering how ſo many pictures, and pictures ſo familiar, ſhould have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his deſcriptions. His digreſſions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no leſs; leaving him in doubt, whether he ſhould more admire the *Poet*, or love the *Man*.

From that time Mr. *Thomſon*'s acquaintance was courted by all men of taſte; and ſeveral ladies of high rank and diſtinction became his declared patroneſſes: the Counteſs of *Hertford*, Miſs *Drelincourt*, afterwards Viſcounteſs *Primroſe*, Mrs. *Stanley*, and others. But the chief happineſs which his *Winter* procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr. *Rundle*, afterwards Lord Biſhop of *Derry:* who, upon converſing with Mr. *Thomſon*, and finding in him qualities greater ſtill, and of more value, than thoſe of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendſhip; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend the Lord Chancellor *Tal-*

bot; and, ſome years after, when the eldeſt ſon of that nobleman was to make his *tour* of travelling, recommended Mr. *Thomſon* as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr. *Rundle*, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expreſſed in his poem to the memory of Lord *Talbot*. The true cauſe of that undeſerved treatment has been ſecreted from the Public, as well as the dark *manœuvres* that were employed: but Mr. *Thomſon*, who had acceſs to the beſt information, places it to the account of

——Slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth.——

Meanwhile, our poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finiſh the plan which their wiſhes laid out for him; and the expectations which his *Winter* had raiſed, were fully ſatisfied by the ſucceſſive publication of the other *Seaſons*: of *Summer*, in the year 1727; of *Spring*, in the beginning of the following year; and of *Autumn*, in a quarto edition of his works, printed in 1730.

In that edition, the *Seaſons* are placed in their natural order; and crowned with that inimitable *Hymn*, in which we view them in their beautiful ſucceſſion, as *one whole*, the *immediate* effect of infinite *Power* and *Goodneſs*. In imitation of the Hebrew Bard, all nature is called forth to do homage to the Creator, and the reader is left enraptured in ſilent adoration and praiſe.

Beſides theſe, and his tragedy of *Sophoniſba*, written and acted with applauſe, in the year 1729, Mr. *Thomſon* had, in 1727, publiſhed his poem to the memory of Sir *Iſaac Newton*, then lately deceaſed; containing a deſerved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief diſcoveries; ſublimely poetical; and yet ſo juſt, that an ingenious foreigner, the Count *Algarotti*, takes a line of it for the text of his philoſophical dialogues, *Il Neutonianiſmo per le dame:* this was in part owing to the aſſiſtance he had of his friend Mr. *Gray*, a gentleman well verſed in the *Newtonian Philoſophy*, who, on that occaſion, gave him a very exact, though general, abſtract of its principles.

That ſame year, the reſentment of our merchants, for the interruption of their trade by the *Spaniards* in *America*, running very high, Mr. *Thomſon* zealouſly took part in it; and wrote his poem *Britannia*, to rouſe the nation to revenge. And although this piece is the leſs read that its ſubject was but accidental and temporary; the ſpirited generous ſentiments that enrich it, can never be out of ſeaſon: they will at leaſt remain a monument of that love of his country, that *devotion to the Public*, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intenſe, than himſelf.

Our author's poetical ſtudies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the Honourable Mr. *Charles Talbot* in his

travels. A delightful taſk indeed! endowed as that young nobleman was by nature, and accompliſhed by the care and example of the beſt of fathers, in whatever could adorn humanity: graceful of perſon, elegant in manners and addreſs, pious, humane, generous; with an exquiſite taſte in all the finer arts.

With this amiable companion and friend, Mr. *Thomſon* viſited moſt of the courts and capital cities of *Europe*; and returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, of the conſtitution and policy of the ſeveral ſtates, their connexions, and their religious inſtitutions. How particular and judicious his obſervations were, we ſee in his poem of *Liberty*, begun ſoon after his return to *England*. We ſee, at the ſame time, to what a high pitch his love of his country was raiſed, by the compariſons he had all along been making of our happy well-poiſed government with thoſe of other nations. To inſpire his fellow-ſubjects with the like ſentiments; and to ſhew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preſerved, and how it may be abuſed or loſt; he employed two years of his life in compoſing that noble work: upon which, conſcious of the importance and dignity of the ſubject, he valued himſelf more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr. *Thomſon* was writing the Firſt Part of *Liberty*, he received a ſevere ſhock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller: which was ſoon followed by another that was ſeverer

ſtill, and of more general concern; the death of Lord *Talbot* himſelf; which Mr. *Thomſon* ſo pathetically and ſo juſtly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory. In him the nation ſaw itſelf deprived of an uncorrupted patriot, the faithful guardian of their rights, on whoſe wiſdom and integrity they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious vexations: and Mr. *Thomſon*, beſides his ſhare in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel, for the perſon whom, of all mankind, he moſt revered and loved. At the ſame time, he found himſelf, from an eaſy competency, reduced to a ſtate of precarious dependence, in which he paſſed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two laſt years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the *Leeward Iſlands*, procured for him by the generous friendſhip of my Lord *Lyttelton*.

Immediately upon his return to *England* with Mr. *Talbot*, the Chancellor had made him his Secretary of Briefs; a place of little attendance, ſuiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord, who ſucceeded to Lord *Talbot* in office, kept it vacant for ſome time, probably till Mr. *Thomſon* ſhould apply for it, he was ſo diſpirited, and ſo liſtleſs to every concern of that kind, that he never took one ſtep in the affair: a neglect which his beſt friends greatly blamed in him.

Yet could not his genius be depreſſed, or his temper hurt, by this reverſe of fortune. He reſumed, with time, his uſual chearfulneſs, and never abated one article in his way of living; which, though ſimple, was genial and elegant. The profits ariſing from his works were not inconſiderable; his tragedy of *Agamemnon*, acted in 1738, yielded a good ſum; Mr. *Millar* was always at hand, to anſwer, or even to prevent his demands; and he had a friend or two beſides, whoſe hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired; who would, of themſelves, interpoſe, if they ſaw any occaſion for it.

But his chief dependance, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his Royal Highneſs FREDERIC Prince of *Wales*; who, upon the recommendation of Lord *Lyttelton*, then his chief favourite, ſettled on him a handſome allowance. And afterwards, when he was introduced to his Royal Highneſs, that excellent prince, who truly was what Mr. *Thomſon* paints him, *the friend of mankind and of merit*, received him very graciouſly, and ever after honoured him with many marks of particular favour and confidence. A circumſtance, which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted; that my Lord *Lyttelton*'s recommendation came altogether unſolicited, and long before Mr. *Thomſon* was perſonally known to him.

It happened, however, that the favour of his Royal Highneſs was in one inſtance of ſome prejudice to our author; in the refuſal of a licence

for his tragedy of *Edward* and *Eleonora*, which he had prepared for the ſtage in the year 1739. The reader may ſee that this play contains not a line which could juſtly give offence; but the miniſtry, ſtill ſore from certain paſquinades, which had lately produced the ſtage-act; and as little ſatisfied with ſome parts of the prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs; would not riſque the repreſentation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

This refuſal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr. *Paterſon*, a companion of Mr. *Thomſon*, afterwards his *deputy* and then his *ſucceſſor* in the general-ſurveyorſhip, uſed to write out fair copies for his friend, when ſuch were wanted for the preſs or for the ſtage. This gentleman likewiſe courted the tragic muſe; and had taken for his ſubject, the ſtory of *Arminius* the *German* hero. But his play, guiltleſs as it was, being preſented for a licence, no ſooner had the *cenſor* caſt his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had ſeen *Edward* and *Eleonora*, than he cried out, Away with it! and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookſeller could afford for a tragedy in diſtreſs.

Mr. *Thomſon*'s next dramatic performance was the *Maſque* of *Alfred*; written, jointly with Mr. *Mallet*, by command of the Prince of *Wales*, for the entertainment of his Royal Highneſs's court, at his ſummer-reſidence. This piece, with ſome alterations, and the muſic new, has been ſince

brought upon the ſtage by Mr. *Mallet*: but the edition we give is from the *original*, as it was acted at *Cliſden*, in the year 1740, on the birth-day of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs *Auguſta*.

In the year 1745, his *Tancred* and *Sigiſmunda*, taken from the novel in *Gil Blas*, was performed with applauſe; and from the deep romantic diſtreſs of the lovers, continues to draw crowded houſes. The ſucceſs of this piece was indeed enſured from the firſt by Mr. *Garrick* and Mrs. *Cibber*, their appearing in the principal characters; which they heighten and adorn with all the magic of their never-failing art.

He had, in the mean time, been finiſhing his *Caſtle of Indolence*, ~~in two Cantos~~. It was, at firſt, little more than a few detached ſtanzas, in the way of raillery on himſelf, and on ſome of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them, at leaſt, as indolent as himſelf. But he ſaw very ſoon, that the ſubject deſerved to be treated more ſeriouſly, and in a form fitted to convey one of the moſt important moral leſſons.

The *ſtanza* which he uſes in this work is that of *Spenſer*, borrowed from the *Italian* poets; in which he thought rhymes had their proper place, and were even graceful: the compaſs of the ſtanza admitting an agreeable variety of final ſounds; while the ſenſe of the poet is not cramped or cut ſhort, nor yet too much dilated: as muſt often happen, when it is parcelled out into rhymed couplets; the uſual meaſure indeed of our *elegy*

and *ſatire*; but which always weakens the higher poetry, and, to a true ear, will ſometimes give it an air of the *burleſque*.

This was the laſt piece Mr. *Thomſon* himſelf publiſhed; his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the beſt men, and beſt poets, that lived in it.

He had always been a timorous horſeman; and more ſo, in a road where numbers of giddy or unſkilful riders are continually paſſing: ſo that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the diſtance between *London* and *Richmond*, with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat and reſt himſelf, or perhaps dine, by the way. One ſummer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to *Hammerſmith*, he had overheated himſelf, and in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to *Kew*; apprehending no bad conſequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his houſe, at the upper end of *Kew-lane*, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had ſo ſeized him, that next day he found himſelf in a high fever, ſo much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the uſe of proper medicines, was removed, ſo that he was thought to be out of danger: till the fine weather having tempted him to expoſe himſelf once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with ſuch ſymptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had paſſed before his

relapſe was known in town; at laſt Mr. *Mitchell* and Mr. *Reid*, with Dr. *Armſtrong*, being informed of it, poſted out at midnight to his aſſiſtance: but alas! came only to endure a ſight of all others the moſt ſhocking to nature, the laſt agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of *Auguſt*, 1748.

His teſtamentary executors were, the Lord *Lyttelton*, whoſe care of our poet's fortune and fame ceaſed not with his life; and Mr. *Mitchell*, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and conſtancy of his private friendſhips, and for his addreſs and ſpirit as a public miniſter. By their united intereſt, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the ſtage to the beſt advantage: from the profits of which, and the ſale of manuſcripts, and other effects, all demands were duly ſatisfied, and a handſome ſum remitted to his ſiſters. My Lord *Lyttelton*'s prologue to this piece was admired as one of the beſt that had ever been *written:* the beſt *ſpoken* it certainly was. The ſympathizing audience ſaw that, *then* indeed, Mr. *Quin* was *no actor*; that the tears he ſhed, were thoſe of real friendſhip and grief.

Mr. *Thomſon*'s remains were depoſited in the church of *Richmond*, under a plain ſtone, without any inſcription: nor did his brother poets at all exert themſelves on the occaſion, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his lifetime. This ſilence furniſhed matter to one of his friends for an excellent ſatirical epigram, which we are ſorry we cannot give the

reader. Only one gentleman, Mr. *Collins*, who had lived ſome time at *Richmond*, but forſook it when Mr. *Thomſon* died, wrote an Ode to his memory. This, for the dirgelike melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that ſeems to have dictated it, we ſhall ſubjoin to the preſent account.

Our author himſelf hints, ſomewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the moſt promiſing; his make being rather robuſt than graceful: though it is known that in his youth he had been thought handſome. His worſt appearance was, when you ſaw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accoſt him, and enter into converſation, he would inſtantly brighten into a moſt amiable aſpect, his features no longer the ſame, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The caſe was much alike in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few ſelect friends, he was open, ſprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his ſhare. Such was his extreme ſenſibility, ſo perfect the harmony of his organs with the ſentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expreſſed, what he was about to ſay; and his voice correſponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This ſenſibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worſt reader of good poetry: a *ſonnet*, or a copy of tame verſes,

he could manage pretty well; or even improve them in the reading: but a paſſage of *Virgil*, *Milton*, or *Shakeſpeare*, would ſometimes quite oppreſs him, that you could hear little elſe than ſome ill-articulated ſounds, riſing as from the bottom of his breaſt.

He had improved his taſte upon the beſt originals, ancient and modern; but could not bear to write what was not ſtrictly his own, what had not more immediately ſtruck his imagination, or touched his heart: ſo that he is not in the leaſt concerned in that queſtion about the *merit* or *demerit* of *imitators*. What he borrows from the ancients, he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphraſe or tranſlation; as we ſee in a few paſſages taken from *Virgil*, and in that beautiful picture, from *Pliny* the elder, where the courſe, and gradual increaſe, of the *Nile* are figured by the ſtages of man's life.

The autumn was his favourite ſeaſon for poetical compoſition, and the deep ſilence of the night, the time he commonly choſe for ſuch ſtudies; ſo that he would often be heard walking in his library, till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amuſements of his leiſure hours were civil and natural hiſtory, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the moſt authentic he could procure: and, had his ſituation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exerciſe. Although he performed on no inſtrument, he was paſſionately

fond of muſic, and would ſometimes liſten a full hour at his window to the nightingales in *Richmond* gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular *Italian* drama, ſuch as *Metaſtaſio* writes; as it is there heightened by the charms of the beſt voices and inſtruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one reſpect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the *ancient*, or with thoſe of *Italy*; wiſhing ſometimes that a *chorus*, at leaſt, and a better *recitative*, could be introduced.

Nor was his taſte leſs exquiſite in the arts of *painting*, *ſculpture*, and *architecture*. In his travels he had ſeen all the moſt celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the beſt productions of modern art; and ſtudied them ſo minutely, and with ſo true a judgment, that in ſome of his deſcriptions, in the poem of *Liberty*, we have the maſter-pieces there mentioned placed in a ſtronger light perhaps than if we ſaw them with our eyes; at leaſt more juſtly delineated than in any other account extant: ſo ſuperior is a natural taſte of the *grand* and *beautiful*, to the traditional leſſons of a common *virtuoſo*. His collection of prints, and ſome drawings from the antique, are now in the poſſeſſion of his friend Mr. *Gray* of *Richmond-Hill*.

As for his more diſtinguiſhing qualities of *mind* and *heart*, they are better repreſented in his writings, than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to the *Supreme Being*, founded on the moſt elevated and juſt concep-

tions of his operations and providence, ſhine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderneſs of heart, that it took in even the brute creation: judge what it muſt have been towards his own ſpecies. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any perſon one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwiſe. He took no part in the poetical ſquabbles which happened in his time; and was reſpected and left undiſturbed by both ſides. He would even refuſe to take offence when he juſtly might; by interrupting any perſonal ſtory that was brought him, with ſome jeſt, or ſome humorous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever ſeen ruffled or diſcompoſed, but when he read or heard of ſome flagrant inſtance of injuſtice, oppreſſion, or cruelty: then, indeed, the ſtrongeſt marks of horror and indignation were viſible in his countenance.

Theſe amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthuſiaſtic ardor, and lamented his untimely fate in the manner that is ſtill freſh in every one's memory; the beſt and greateſt men of his time honoured him with their friendſhip and protection; the applauſe of the Public attended every appearance he made; the actors, of whom the more eminent were his friends and admirers, grudging no pains to do juſtice to his tragedies. At preſent indeed, if we except *Tancred*, they are ſeldom called for; the ſimplicity of his plots, and the models he worked after, not ſuiting the reigning taſte, nor the impatience of an *Engliſh* theatre.

They may hereafter come to be in vogue: but we hazard no comment or conjecture upon them, or upon any part of Mr. *Thomſon*'s works; neither need they any defence or apology, after the reception they have had at home, and in the foreign languages into which they have been tranſlated. We ſhall only ſay, that, to judge from the imitations of his *manner*, which have been following him cloſe, from the very firſt publication of *Winter*, he ſeems to have fixed no inconſiderable æra of the *Engliſh* poetry.

O D E

ON THE

DEATH of Mr. THOMSON.

By Mr. COLLINS.

[The ſcene of the following ſtanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the *Thames* near *Richmond.*]

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe
To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whiſpering reeds
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the ſoothing ſhade.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear,
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

* The harp of ÆOLUS, of which ſee a deſcription in the CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening ſpire *,
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

But Thou, who own'ſt that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimm'ring near?
With him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd Siſters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

And ſee the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds, and ſhepherd-girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy ſtone, and pointed clay,
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall he ſay,
In yonder grave Your Druid lies!

* Richmond Church.

SPRING.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of HARTFORD. The Seaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of Nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and laſt on Man; concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of Love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.

SPRING.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.
O HARTFORD, fitted or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In ſoft aſſemblage, liſten to my ſong,
Which thy own Seaſon paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And ſee where ſurly WINTER paſſes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhatter'd foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch,
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And WINTER oft at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightleſs: ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht
To ſhake the ſounding marſh; or from the ſhore

The plovers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſtening waſte.
At laſt from *Aries* rolls the bounteous ſun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive atmoſphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying ſoul,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-ſurrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous, th' impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers
Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, looſened from the froſt.
There, unrefuſing, to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Chear'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare
The maſter leans, removes th' obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.
White thro' the neighbouring fields the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd ſtep; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful boſom of the ground:
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.
Be gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye foſtering breezes, blow!
Ye ſoftening dews, ye tender ſhowers deſcend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving ſun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the *rural* MARO ſung
To wide-imperial ROME, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by GREECE refin'd.

In ancient times, the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And ſome, with whom compar'd your inſect-tribes
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
Ye generous BRITONS, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the ſea,
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exuberant, Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhauſtleſs granary of a world!
Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative ſun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming *Power*
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green!*
Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever-new delight.
From the moiſt meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd,

In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales;
Where the deer ruſtle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the fluſhing year,
By Nature's ſwift and ſecret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With laviſh fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimſon folds. Now from the town
Buried in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling drops
From the bent buſh, as thro' the verdant maze
Of ſweet-briar hedges I purſue my walk;
Or taſte the ſmell of dairy; or aſcend
Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white-empurpled ſhower
Of mingled bloſſoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies:
If, bruſh'd from *Ruſſian* wilds, a cutting gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely froſt; before whoſe baleful blaſt
The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage ſhrinks,
Joyleſs and dead, a wide-dejected waſte.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, inſect armies warp
Keen in the poiſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The ſacred ſons of vengeance; on whoſe courſe
Corroſive famine waits, and kills the year.

To check this plague the ſkilful farmer chaff,
And blazing ſtraw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in ſmoke, the latent foe
From every cranny ſuffocated falls:
Or ſcatters o'er the blooms the pungent duſt
Of pepper, fatal to the frofty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With ſprinkled water drowns them in their neſt;
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy bill,
The little trooping birds unwiſely ſcares.
Be patient, ſwains; theſe cruel-ſeeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repreſs'd
Thoſe deep'ning clouds on clouds, ſurcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vaſt *Atlantic* hither borne,
In endleſs train, would quench the ſummer-blaze,
And, chearleſs, drown the crude unripened year.
The north-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up
Within his iron cave, th' effuſive ſouth
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal ſhowers diſtent.
At firſt a duſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining ether; but by ſwift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails
Along the loaded ſky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a ſettled gloom:
Not ſuch as wintry-ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem thro' deluſive lapſe

Forgetful of their courſe. 'Tis ſilence all,
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe,
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And foreſts ſeem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields;
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow,
In large effuſion, o'er the freſhened world.
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard,
By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while Heaven deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
Thus all day long the full-diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the weſtern ſky, the downward ſun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the fluſh
Of broken clouds, gay-ſhifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt,

Far ſmoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſkip laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods; their very muſic wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweetened zephyr ſprings.
Mean time refracted from yon eaſtern cloud,
Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immenſe; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, awful NEWTON, the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhowery priſm;
And to the ſage-inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee diſclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amuſive arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds,
A ſoftened ſhade, and ſaturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thouſand different plaſtic tubes,
The balmy treaſures of the former day.
Then ſpring the living herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botaniſt to number up their tribes:
Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale,
In ſilent ſearch; or thro' the foreſt, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burſts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,

Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With ſuch a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing mold,
The moiſtening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With viſion pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam:
For their light ſlumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they roſe as vigorous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole
Their hours away: while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs; ſave the ſweet pain,
That inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor ſurly deed,
Was known among thoſe happy ſons of HEAVEN;
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful ſun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling mead,

The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he join'd his fullen joy.
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute: the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.
But now thoſe white unblemiſh'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid theſe iron times,
Theſe dregs of life! Now the diſtemper'd mind
Has loſt that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the ſoul of happineſs; and all
Is off the poiſe within: the paſſions all
Have burſt their bounds; and reaſon half extinct,
Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees
The foul diſorder. Senſeleſs, and deform'd,
Convulſive anger ſtorms at large; or pale,
And ſilent, ſettles into fell revenge.
Baſe envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Deſponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, looſens every power.
Even love itſelf is bitterneſs of ſoul,
A penſive anguiſh pining at the heart;
Or, ſunk to ſordid intereſt, feels no more
That noble wiſh, that never cloy'd deſire,
Which, ſelfiſh joy diſdaining, ſeeks alone
To bleſs the dearer object of its flame.
Hope ſickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madneſs ſwells;
Or in dead ſilence waſtes the weeping hours.

Theſe, and a thouſand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endleſs ſtorm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a liſtleſs unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark diſguſt, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At laſt, extinct each ſocial feeling, fell
And joyleſs inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature diſturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her courſe.
Hence, in old duſky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft diſparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous ruſh'd,
With univerſal burſt, into the gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide daſh'd the waves, in undulation vaſt;
Till, from the center to the ſtreaming clouds,
A ſhoreleſs ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seaſons ſince have, with ſeverer ſway,
Oppreſs'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waſte of ſnows; and Summer ſhot
His peſtilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and bloſſoms bluſh'd,
In ſocial ſweetneſs, on the ſelf-ſame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanſe: for then nor ſtorms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound ſlept the waters; no ſulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the ſky, and ſent the lightning forth;
While ſickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the ſprings of life.

But now, of turbid elements the ſport,
From clear to cloudy toſt, from hot to cold,
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholeſome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating ſoul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the ſearch of art, 'tis copious bleſt.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worſe. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the ſteer,
At whoſe ſtrong cheſt the deadly tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger ſtung and wild neceſſity,
Nor lodges pity in their ſhaggy breaſt.
But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thouſand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth: ſhall he, fair form!
Who wears ſweet ſmiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beaſt of prey,
Blood-ſtain'd, deſerves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have ye done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luſcious ſtreams, and lent us your own coat
Againſt the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs animal,
In what has he offended? he, whoſe toil,

Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harveſt; ſhall he bleed,
And ſtruggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To ſwell the riot of th' autumnal feaſt,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly ſuggeſt: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the *Samian* ſage.
High HEAVEN forbids the bold preſumptuous ſtrain,
Whoſe wiſeſt will has fix'd us in a ſtate
That muſt not yet to pure perfection riſe.
Now when the firſt foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their moſſy-tinctur'd ſtream
Deſcends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-diſſembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elaſtic ſpring,
Snatch'd from the hoary ſteed the floating line,
And all thy ſlender watery ſtores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulſive, twiſt in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger ſwallowed deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breaſt
Of the weak helpleſs uncomplaining wretch,
Harſh pain and horror to the tender hand.
When with his lively ray the potent ſun
Has pierc'd the ſtreams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, iſſuing chearful, to thy ſport repair;
Chief ſhould the weſtern breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the ſhadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;

The next purſue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whoſe ample wave
Their little naiads love to ſport at large.
Juſt in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling ſtream, or where it boils
Around the ſtone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the deluſive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the ſpringing game.
Strait as above the ſurface of the flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore ſlow-dragging ſome,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw. But ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly;
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear.
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death,
With ſullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode;

And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting prize.

Thus paſs the temperate hours; but when the ſun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the ſcattering clouds,
Even ſhooting liſtleſs languor thro' the deeps;
Then ſeek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where ſcatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy eſſence breathes, where cowſlips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the ſhade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon ſpreading aſh,
Hung o'er the ſteep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The ſounding culver ſhoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
There let the claſſic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural ſcenes; ſuch as the *Mantuan* ſwain
Paints in the matchleſs harmony of ſong.
Or catch thyſelf the landſkip, gliding ſwift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And loſt in lonely muſing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careleſs ſolitude, where mix
Ten thouſand wandering images of things,
Soothe every guſt of paſſion into peace;
All but the ſwellings of the ſoften'd heart,
That waken, not diſturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing proſpect bids the Muſe
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint

Like Nature? Can imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,
Ah what ſhall language do? ah where find words
Ting'd with ſo many colours; and whoſe power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thoſe aromatic gales,
That inexhauſtive flow continual round?
Yet, tho' ſucceſsleſs, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whoſe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my ſong!
Form'd by the Graces, lovelineſs itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe looks demure, that deeply pierce the ſoul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come! and while the roſy-footed May
Steals bluſhing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Freſh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd boſom that improves their ſweets.
See, where the winding vale its laviſh ſtores,
Irriguous, ſpreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, ſcarce oozing thro' the graſs,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profuſion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of bloſſom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boaſt
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the ſenſe, and takes the raviſh'd ſoul.

Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of freſh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild;
Where, undiſguis'd by mimic *Art*, ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious taſk the fervent bees,
In ſwarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Thro' the ſoft air, the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inſerted tube,
Suck its pure eſſence, its ethereal ſoul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they ſoaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.
At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Diſtracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps:
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.
But why ſo far excurſive? when at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderneſs of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop, and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, ſtain'd with iron brown;
And laviſh ſtock that ſcents the garden round:
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd

With ſhining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-duſt,
The varied colours run; and, while they *break*
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting floriſt marks,
With ſecret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summer's muſky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low-bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-ſpotted pinks;
Nor, ſhower'd from every buſh, the damaſk-roſe.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, ſmells,
With hues on hues expreſſion cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endleſs bloom.
Hail, SOURCE OF BEING! UNIVERSAL SOUL
Of Heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!
To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a maſter-hand,
Haſt the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By THEE diſpos'd into congenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy tide; a twining maſs of tubes.
At THY command the vernal ſun awakes
The torpid ſap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,

And lively fermentation, mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous-coloured ſcene of things.
As riſing from the vegetable world
My theme aſcends, with equal wing aſcend,
My panting Muſe; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayeſt trim.
Lend me your ſong, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running ſoul of melody
Into my varied verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt note the hollow cuckoo ſings,
The ſymphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the Paſſion of the groves.*
When firſt the ſoul of love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint-warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up-ſprings the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the meſſenger of morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copſe
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening *Philomela* deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought

Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſhening ſhade
Of new-ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beaſts, the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of their regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then, on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver every feather with deſire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts;
That NATURE'S *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge

Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its inſects, and its moſs their neſts.
Others apart far in the graſſy dale,
Or roughening waſte, their humble texture weave.
But moſt in woodland ſolitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or ſhaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whoſe murmurs ſoothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive ſtream,
They frame the firſt foundation of their domes;
Dry ſprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reſtleſs hurry thro' the buſy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
The ſlimy pool, to build his hanging houſe
Intent. And often, from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn a ſtraw: till ſoft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger, or by ſmooth delight,
Tho' the whole looſened Spring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,

Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young;
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Even ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cott amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they ſcorn: exalting love,
By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the *fearful* race,
And to the *ſimple* art. With ſtealthy wing,
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling ſchool-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering ſwain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on
In long excurſion ſkims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.
Be not the Muſe aſham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage

From liberty confin'd, and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your boſom innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or piety perſuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade;
Where, all abandon'd to deſpair, ſhe ſings
Her ſorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-ſitting, ſtill at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her wail reſound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, diſdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky:
This one glad office more, and then diſſolves
Parental love at once, now needleſs grown.
Unlaviſh *Wiſdom* never works in vain.
'Tis on ſome evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow luſtre bright, that the new tribes
Viſit the ſpacious heavens, and look abroad

On Nature's common, far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their range and paſture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy verge
Their reſolution fails; their pinions ſtill,
In looſe libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the void
Trembling refuſe: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their ſelf-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till vaniſh'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents ſee their ſoaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the ſummit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, ſuch as amazing frowns
On utmoſt * *Kilda*'s ſhore, whoſe lonely race
Reſign the ſetting ſun to *Indian* worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raiſe a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering ſeat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unſtain'd he holds, while many a league to ſea
He wings his courſe, and preys in diſtant iſles.

Should I my ſteps turn to the rural ſeat,
Whoſe lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaſeleſs caws amuſive; there, well-pleas'd,

* The fartheſt of the weſtern iſlands of Scotland.

I might the various polity ſurvey
Of the mixt houſhold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearleſs cock;
Whoſe breaſt with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The ſtately-ſailing ſwan
Gives out his ſnowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſier-iſle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock ſpreads
His every-colour'd glory to the ſun,
And ſwims in radiant majeſty along.
O'er the whole homely ſcene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, ruſh furious into flame,
And fierce deſire. Thro' all his luſty veins
The bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels.
Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample ſides the rambling ſprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud
Crops, tho' it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe.
And oft, in jealous madning fancy wrapt,
He ſeeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him ſhould he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flaſh fury; to the hollow'd earth,

Whence the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling ſteed,
With this hot impulſe ſeiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the ſounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but toſſing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to diſtant plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild he burſts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aërial ſummit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, ſteep-deſcending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madneſs of the ſtraiten'd ſtream
Turns in black eddies round: ſuch is the force
With which his frantic heart and ſinews ſwell.

Nor undelighted by the boundleſs Spring
Are the broad monſters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the ſtrain, and diſſonant, to ſing
The cruel raptures of the ſavage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath ſublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-reſounding waſte in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I ſing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where ſits the ſhepherd on the graſſy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the deſcending ſun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his ſportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friſkful glee,
Their frolicks play. And now the ſprightly race

Invites them forth; when ſwift, the ſignal given,
They ſtart away, and ſweep the maſſy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When diſunited BRITAIN ever bled,
Loſt in eternal broil: ere yet ſhe grew
To this deep-laid indiſſoluble ſtate,
Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden heads;
And o'er our labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!

What is this *mighty Breath*, ye ſages, ſay,
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
Inſtructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breaſt
Theſe arts of love diffuſes? What, but GOD?
Inſpiring GOD! who boundleſs Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjuſts, ſuſtains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaſeleſs works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work: with ſuch perfection fram'd
Is this complex ſtupendous ſcheme of things.
But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy ſoft ſcenes,
The SMILING GOD is ſeen; while water, earth,
And air atteſt his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning hearts
Profuſely thus in tenderneſs and joy.

Still let my ſong a nobler note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive force of Spring on Man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
To raiſe his being, and ſerene his ſoul.
Can he forbear to join the general ſmile
Of Nature? Can fierce paſſions vex his breaſt,

While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye ſordid ſons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only laviſh to yourſelves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whoſe wide thought,
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns
With warmeſt beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, ſits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt Want. Nor, till invok'd
Can reſtleſs goodneſs wait; your active ſearch
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like ſilent-working HEAVEN, ſurpriſing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world;
And the ſun ſheds his kindeſt rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In theſe green days,
Reviving Sickneſs lifts her languid head;
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation ſtill.
By ſwift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the boſom; till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture, and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent DEITY, and taſte
The joy of GOD to ſee a happy world!
  Theſe are the ſacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reaſon's purer ray,
O LYTTELTON, the friend! thy paſſions thus

And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muſe, thro' *Hagley Park* thou ſtrayeſt;
Thy *Britiſh Tempe!* There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung, and ſhagg'd with moſſy rocks,
Whence on each hand the guſhing waters play,
And down the rough caſcade white-daſhing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened viſta thro' the trees,
You ſilent ſteal; or ſit beneath the ſhade
Of ſolemn oaks, that tuft the ſwelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,
And penſive liſten to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whiſpering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twiſted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs ſhake
On the ſooth'd ear. From theſe abſtracted oft,
You wander thro' the philoſophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders riſe,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by hiſtoric truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honeſt zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
BRITANNIA's weal; how from the venal gulph
To raiſe her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, theſe graver thoughts
The Muſes charm: while, with ſure taſte refin'd,
You draw th' inſpiring breath of ancient ſong;
Till nobly riſes, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA ſhares thy walk,
With ſoul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toſt by ungenerous paſſions, ſinks away.

The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treaſures forth,
In varied converſe, ſoftening every theme,
You, frequent-pauſing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekened ſenſe, and amiable grace,
And lively ſweetneſs dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameleſs ſpirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happineſs! which love,
Alone, beſtows, and on a *favour'd few*.
Meantime you gain the height, from whoſe fair brow
The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around:
And ſnatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſhold ſmoak, your eye excurſive roams:
Wide-ſtretching from the *Hall*, in whoſe kind haunt
The *Hoſpitable Genius* lingers ſtill,
To where the broken landſkip, by degrees,
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.
Fluſh'd by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round;
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth;
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear exſtatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts:

Dare not th' infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Downcaſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbinds flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love,
Of the ſmooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-ſoftneſs pours.
Then wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading fame
Diſſolves in air away; while the fond ſoul,
Wrapt in gay viſions of unreal bliſs,
Still paints th' illuſive form; the kindling grace;
Th' inticing ſmile; the modeſt-ſeeming eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk ſearchleſs cunning, cruelty, and death:
And ſtill falſe-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her ſyren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even preſent, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while muſic flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roſes fierce Repentance rears
Her ſnaky creſt: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conſcious heart; where honour ſtill,
And great deſign, againſt the oppreſſive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But abſent, what fantaſtic woes arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin, fall his ſcorn'd affairs.

'Tis nought but gloom around: the darkened ſun
Loſes his light. The roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and ſhe alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends:
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls: while, borne away
On ſwelling thought, his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair;
And leaves the ſemblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy ſite, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades, and ſympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the penſive duſk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam,
With ſoftened ſoul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or while the world
And all the ſons of Care lie huſh'd in ſleep,

Aſſociates with the midnight ſhadows drear;
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving meſſenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With riſing frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pillow flies.
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy power
In any poſture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a while to reſt,
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,
And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds diſtreſs'd; or if retir'd
To ſecret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares
Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' foreſts huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In night and tempeſt wrapt: or ſhrinks aghaſt,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid ſtream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther ſhore; where ſuccourleſs, and ſad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But ſtrives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To diſtance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy ſinks.

Theſe are the charming agonies of love,
Whoſe miſery delights. But thro' the heart
Should jealouſy its venom once diffuſe,
'Tis then delightful miſery no more,
But agony unmix'd, inceſſant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blaſting all
Love's paradiſe. Ye fairy proſpects, then,
Ye beds of roſes, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your laſt! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal viſion taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then! inſtead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of ſunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks ſucceed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aſpect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poiſon'd ſoul, malignant, ſits,
And frightens love away. Ten thouſand fears
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondneſs, eat him up
With fervent anguiſh, and conſuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and reſolution frail,
Giving falſe peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afreſh, her beauties on his buſy thought,
Her firſt endearments twining round the ſoul,
With all the witchcraft of enſnaring love.
Straight the fierce ſtorm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt diſtracts the tortur'd heart:
For even the ſad aſſurance of his fears

Were eaſe to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care;
His brighteſt flames extinguiſh'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waſte.
But happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love;
Where friendſhip full-exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem enlivened by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere, lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal tranſport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair

High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
Meantime a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting SPRING
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,

Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

SUMMER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr. DODINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons. As the face of Nature in this ſeaſon is almoſt uniform, the progreſs of the poem is a deſcription of a ſummer's day. The dawn. Sun-riſing. Hymn to the ſun. Forenoon. Summer inſects deſcribed. Hay-making. Sheep-ſhearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A ſolemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude ſcene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The ſtorm over, a ſerene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Tranſition to the proſpect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-ſet. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praiſe of philoſophy.

SUMMER.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair diſclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the ſultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
Averts her bluſhful face; and earth, and ſkies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haſte into the mid-wood ſhade,
Where ſcarce a ſun-beam wanders thro' the gloom;
And on the dark-green graſs, beſide the brink
Of haunted ſtream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And ſing the glories of the circling year.

Come, *Inſpiration!* from thy hermit-ſeat,
By mortal ſeldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ſerious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on ſurrounding Heaven, to ſteal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecſtaſy of ſoul.

And thou, my youthful Muſe's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderneſs of heart;

Genius, and wiſdom; the gay ſocial ſenſe,
By decency chaſtis'd; goodneſs and wit,
In ſeldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemiſh'd honour, and an active zeal
For BRITAIN's glory, Liberty, and Man:
O DODINGTON! attend my rural ſong,
Stoop to my theme, inſpirit every line,
And teach me to deſerve thy juſt applauſe.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were firſt the unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thouſand years,
That oft has ſwept the toiling race of Men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchleſs, in their courſe;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the ſeaſons ever ſtealing round,
Minutely faithful: Such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND!
That pois'd, impels, and rules the ſteady WHOLE.

When now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt:
Till far o'er ether ſpreads the widening glow;
And, from before the luſtre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quickened ſtep,
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the duſk, the ſmoaking currents ſhine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare

Limps, awkward: while along the foreſt-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.

Falſely luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?
For is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life;
Total extinction of th' enlightened ſoul!
Or elſe to feveriſh vanity alive,
Wildered, and toſſing thro' diſtemper'd dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muſe
And every blooming pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly-devious morning-walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aſlant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light!
Of all material beings firſt, and beſt!

Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee?

'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy Syſtem rolls entire: from the far bourne
Of utmoſt *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to *Mercury*, whoſe diſk
Can ſcarce be caught by philoſophic eye,
Loſt in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!
Without whoſe quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely maſs, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling ſpirit; from th' unfettered mind,
By thee ſublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam.

The vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of *Seaſons!* who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vaſt domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing ſtate, it moves ſublime.
Mean-time, th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or ſend grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
High-ſeen, the *Seaſons* lead, in ſprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the roſy-finger'd *Hours*,
The *Zephyrs* floating looſe, the timely *Rains*,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,
And ſoftened into joy the ſurly *Storms*.

Theſe, in ſucceſſive turn, with laviſh hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance ſhower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is fluſh'd the vernal year.
Nor to the ſurface of enlivened earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal treſſes, is thy force confin'd:
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confeſs thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble ſhines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burniſh'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bleſs mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
The unfruitful rock itſelf, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid ſtone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy pureſt rays,
Collected light, compact; that, poliſh'd bright,
And all its native luſtre let abroad,
Dares, as it ſparkles on the fair one's breaſt,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, ſolid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-ſtreaming Amethyſt is thine.
With thy own ſmile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,
Than the green Emerald ſhows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams;
Or, flying ſeveral from its ſurface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the ſite varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Aſſumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,
Softens at thy return. The deſart joys
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-tranſported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and uſe,
Unequal far; great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of HIM!
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whoſe ſingle ſmile has, from the firſt of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all thoſe lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever thro' the boundleſs ſky:
But, ſhould he hide his face, th' aſtoniſh'd ſun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd ſtars, would looſening reel
Wide from their ſpheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faultering tongue of Man,
ALMIGHTY FATHER! ſilent in thy praiſe,
Thy Works themſelves would raiſe a general voice,
Even in the depth of ſolitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celeſtial THEE reſound,
Th' eternal cauſe, ſupport, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-diſplay'd;
And to peruſe its all-inſtructing page,

Or, haply catching inſpiration thence,
Some eaſy paſſage, raptur'd, to tranſlate,
My ſole delight; as thro' the falling glooms
Penſive I ſtray, or with the riſing dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excurſive ſoar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent ſun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature ſhines, from where earth ſeems,
Far-ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending ſphere.

Half in a bluſh of cluſtering roſes loſt,
Dew-dropping *Coolneſs* to the ſhade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careleſs rills to muſe;
While tyrant *Heat*, diſpreading thro' the ſky,
With rapid ſway, his burning influence darts
On Man, and beaſt, and herb, and tepid ſtream.

Who can unpitying ſee the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-fluſh'd bloom reſign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the ſun,
Sad when he ſets, ſhuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd boſom to his ray.

Home, from his morning taſk, the ſwain retreats;
His flock before him ſtepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;

Where on the mingling boughs they ſit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours ariſe.
Faint, underneath, the houſhold fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing ſhade,
The houſe-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-ſtretch'd, and ſleepy. In his ſlumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, wakened by the waſp,
They ſtarting ſnap. Nor ſhall the Muſe diſdain
To let the little noiſy ſummer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her ſong:
Not mean tho' ſimple; to the ſun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of ſoul. From every chink,
And ſecret corner, where they ſlept away
The wintry ſtorms; or riſing from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can diſcloſe.
Ten thouſand forms! ten thouſand different tribes!
People the blaze. To ſunny waters ſome
By fatal inſtinct fly; where on the pool
They, ſportive, wheel; or, ſailing down the ſtream,
Are ſnatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting ſalmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
Some love to ſtray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the freſh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and viſit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the ſweet taſk,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what ſoft beds, their young yet undiſclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the houſe,

The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taſte the curdling cheeſe:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky ſtream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerleſs wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedleſs flies the window proves
A conſtant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain ſpider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcaſſes, in eager watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving ſnares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadleſs wanderer oft
Paſſes, as oft the ruffian ſhows his front;
The prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And ſhriller ſound declare extreme diſtreſs,
And aſk the helping hoſpitable hand.

Reſounds the living ſurface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum,
To him who muſes thro' the woods at noon;
Or drowſy ſhepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-ſhut eyes, beneath the floating ſhade
Of willows grey, cloſe-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from theſe what numerous kinds deſcend,
Evading even the microſcopic eye!
Full Nature ſwarms with life; one wondrous maſs
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN
Shall bid his ſpirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid ſteams, emits the living cloud
Of peſtilence. Thro' ſubterranean cells,
Where ſearching ſun-beams ſcarce can find a way,

Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its ſoft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the ſtone
Holds multitudes. But chief the foreſt-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameleſs nations feed
Of evaneſcent inſects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, inviſible,
Amid the floating verdure millions ſtray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, ſooths,
Inflames, refreſhes, or exalts the taſte,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the ſtream
Of pureſt cryſtal, nor the lucid air,
Tho' one tranſparent vacancy it ſeems,
Void of their unſeen people. Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, eſcape
The groſſer eye of Man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd ſhould on his ſenſes burſt,
From cates ambroſial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When ſilence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtunn'd with noiſe.
Let no preſuming impious railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On ſwelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
An inch around, with blind preſumption bold,
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.
And lives the Man, whoſe univerſal eye

Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things;
Mark'd their dependance ſo, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That *This* availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink,
Of dreary *Nothing*, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
Whoſe wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our minds,
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant-ſun.

Thick in yon ſtream of light, a thouſand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations ſport; till, tempeſt-wing'd,
Fierce Winter ſweeps them from the face of day.
Even ſo luxurious Men, unheeding, paſs
An idle ſummer life in fortune's ſhine,
A ſeaſon's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the book of life.

Now ſwarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The ruſtic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and ſtrong; full as the ſummer-roſe
Blown by prevailing ſuns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, ſwelling on the ſight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even ſtooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppreſſion roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They ſpread their breathing harveſt to the ſun,

That throws refreſhful round a rural ſmell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the duſky wave along the mead,
The ruſſet hay-cock riſes thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and ſocial glee.
Or ruſhing thence, in one diffuſive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And That fair ſpreading in a pebbled ſhore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the ſoft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly ſides. And oft the ſwain,
On ſome impatient ſeizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor heſitating more,
Faſt, faſt, they plunge amid the flaſhing wave,
And panting labour to the fartheſt ſhore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-waſh'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is baniſh'd by the ſordid ſtream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmleſs race: where, as they ſpread
Their ſwelling treaſures to the ſunny ray,
Inly diſturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toſs'd from rock to rock,
Inceſſant bleatings run around the hills.
At laſt, of ſnowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous preſs'd,
Head above head: and, rang'd in luſty rows
The ſhepherds ſit, and whet the ſounding ſhears.

The houſewife waits to roll her fleecy ſtores,
With all her gay-dreſt maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the reſt, the paſtoral queen, and rays
Her ſmiles, ſweet-beaming, on her ſhepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their ſouls
To feſtive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous taſk goes on apace:
Some mingling ſtir the melted tar, and ſome,
Deep on the new-ſhorn vagrant's heaving ſide,
To ſtamp his maſter's cypher ready ſtand;
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the ſturdy boy
Holds by the twiſted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What ſoftneſs in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid ſlaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender ſwain's well-guided ſhears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will ſend you bounding to your hills again.

A ſimple ſcene! yet hence BRITANNIA ſees
Her ſolid grandeur riſe: hence ſhe commands
Th' exalted ſtores of every brighter clime,
The treaſures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves ſublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er *Gallia*'s humbled coaſt;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can ſweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undiſtinguiſh'd blaze.
In vain the ſight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-aſcending ſteams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And ſlippery lawn an arid hue diſcloſe,
Blaſt Fancy's bloom, and wither even the Soul.
Echo no more returns the chearful ſound
Of ſharpening ſcythe: the mower ſinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And ſcarce a chirping graſs-hopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Diſtreſsful Nature pants,
The very ſtreams look languid from afar;
Or, thro' th' unſhelter'd glade, impatient, ſeem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not ſo fierce! Inceſſant ſtill you flow,
And ſtill another fervent flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the head profuſe. In vain I ſigh,
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the ſunleſs ſide
Of a romantic mountain, foreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected ſhade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And freſh bedew'd with ever-ſpouting ſtreams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unſatisfied, and ſick, toſſes in noon.
Emblem inſtructive of the virtuous Man,

Who keeps his temper'd mind ſerene, and pure,
And every paſſion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
Welcome, ye ſhades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye aſhes wild, reſounding o'er the ſteep!
Delicious is your ſhelter to the ſoul,
As to the hunted hart the ſallying ſpring,
Or ſtream full-flowing, that his ſwelling ſides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleaſing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the freſh expanded eye
And ear reſume their watch; the ſinews knit;
And life ſhoots ſwift thro' all the lightened limbs.
Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now ſcarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now ſtarting to a ſudden ſtream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various groupe the herds and flocks compoſe,
Rural confuſion! On the graſſy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others ſtand
Half in the flood, and often bending ſip
The circling ſurface. In the middle droops
The ſtrong laborious ox, of honeſt front,
Which incompos'd he ſhakes; and from his ſides
The troublous inſects laſhes with his tail,
Returning ſtill. Amid his ſubjects ſafe,
Slumbers the monarch ſwain; his careleſs arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moſs ſuſtain'd;
Here laid his ſcrip, with wholeſome viands fill'd;
There, liſtening every noiſe, his watchful dog.
Light fly his ſlumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies faſten on the herd;

That ſtartling ſcatters from the ſhallow brook,
In ſearch of laviſh ſtream. Toſſing the foam,
They ſcorn the keeper's voice, and ſcour the plain,
Thro' all the bright ſeverity of noon;
While, from their labouring breaſts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
Oft in this ſeaſon too the horſe, provok'd,
While his big ſinews full of ſpirits ſwell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with ſtedfaſt eye,
And heart eſtranged to fear: his nervous cheſt,
Luxuriant, and erect, the ſeat of ſtrength!
Bears down th' oppoſing ſtream: quenchleſs his thirſt;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide noſtrils, ſnorting, ſkims the wave.
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildeſt largeſt growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every ſtep,
Solemn, and ſlow, the ſhadows blacker fall,
And all is awful liſtening gloom around.
Theſe are the haunts of Meditation, theſe
The ſcenes where ancient bards th' inſpiring breath,
Extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to ſave the fall
Of virtue ſtruggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whiſpers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd ſoul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muſe to better themes; to ſoothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breaſt.

(Backward to mingle in deteſted war,
But foremoſt when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberleſs ſuch offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook ſudden from the boſom of the ſky,
A thouſand ſhapes or glide athwart the duſk,
Or ſtalk majeſtic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A ſacred terror, a ſevere delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abſtracted ear
Of fancy ſtrikes. "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures, we
"From the ſame PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
"The ſame our Lord, and laws, and great purſuit,
"Once ſome of us, like thee, thro' ſtormy life,
"Toil'd, tempeſt-beaten, ere we could attain
"This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
"Where purity and peace immingle charms.
"Then fear not us; but with reſponſive ſong,
"Amid theſe dim receſſes, undiſturb'd
"By noiſy folly and diſcordant vice,
"Of Nature ſing with us, and Nature's GOD.
"Here frequent, at the viſionary hour,
"When muſing midnight reigns or ſilent noon,
"Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
"And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
"The deepening dale, or inmoſt ſylvan glade:
"A privilege beſtow'd by us, alone,
"On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
"Of Poet, ſwelling to ſeraphic ſtrain."
And art thou, STANLEY *, of that ſacred band?
Alas, for us too ſoon! Tho' rais'd above

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of ſadly pleas'd remembrance, muſt thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who ſeeks thee ſtill, in many a former ſcene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleaſing converſe, by gay lively ſenſe
Inſpir'd: where moral wiſdom mildly ſhone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her ſmiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou beſt of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger ſelf, this opening bloom
Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muſe: the wintry blaſt of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they ſpread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter ſuns,
Thro' endleſs ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy viſion rapt,
I ſtray, regardleſs whither; till the ſound
Of a near fall of water every ſenſe [back,
Wakes from the charm of thought: ſwift-ſhrinking
I check my ſteps, and view the broken ſcene.

Smooth to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the ſteep
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt, an azure ſheet, it ruſhes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-reſounding rocks below
Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repoſe:

But, raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,
Now flaſhes o'er the ſcatter'd fragments, now
Aſlant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And falling faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
With wild infracted courſe, and leſſened roar,
It gains a ſafer bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whoſe dark brow
He clings, the ſteep-aſcending eagle ſoars,
With upward pinions thro' the flood of day;
And, giving full his boſom to the blaze,
Gains on the ſun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, diſorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Reſponſive, force an interrupted ſtrain.
The ſtock-dove only thro' the foreſt cooes,
Mournfully hoarſe; oft ceaſing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The ſad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his ſide by ſavage fowler's guile,
Acroſs his fancy comes; and then reſounds
A louder ſong of ſorrow thro' the grove.
Beſide the dewy border let me ſit,
All in the freſhneſs of the humid air;
There in that hollowed rock, groteſque and wild,
An ample chair moſs-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage ſhaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taſte the ſweetneſs of the ſhade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
Now come bold *Fancy*, ſpread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone:*

Climes unrelenting! with whoſe rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon ſkies are cool.
  See, how at once the bright-effulgent ſun,
Riſing direct, ſwift chaſes from the ſky
The ſhort-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce thro' all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him ſends,
Iſſuing from out the portals of the morn,
The *general Breeze* *, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreſhment on a fainting world.
Great are the ſcenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that ſee, each circling year,
Returning ſuns and *double ſeaſons* † paſs:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy riſe,
Whence many a burſting ſtream auriferous plays:
Majeſtic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above ſtage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundleſs deep immenſity of ſhade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient ſong unknown,
The noble ſons of potent heat and floods
Prone-ruſhing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
Their thorny ſtems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taſte

* Which blows conſtantly between the tropics from the eaſt, or the collateral points, the north-eaſt and ſouth-eaſt: cauſed by the preſſure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the ſun from eaſt to weſt.

† In all climates between the tropics, the ſun, as he paſſes and repaſſes in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

And vital ſpirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning ſands that bank the ſhrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, *Pomona!* to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the ſpreading tamarind that ſhakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the maſſy locuſt ſheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze,
Embowering endleſs, of the *Indian* fig;
Or thrown at gayer eaſe, on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful ſhade.
O ſtretch'd amid theſe orchards of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freſhening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its ſlender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate ſcorn'd;
Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble ſtation dwells
Unboaſtful worth, above faſtidious pomp.
Witneſs, thou beſt Anâna, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me ſtrip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambroſial ſtores, and feaſt with *Jove!*
From theſe the proſpect varies. Plains immenſe
Lie ſtretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wandering eye,

Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers with ſudden hand
Exuberant ſpring: for oft theſe valleys ſhift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns,
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along theſe lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little ſcenes of art, great *Nature* dwells
In awful ſolitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild herds that own no maſter's ſtall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fat'ning ſeas:
On whoſe luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green ſcales, the crocodile extends.
The flood diſparts: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth * rears his head. Glanc'd from his ſide,
The darted ſteel in idle ſhivers flies:
He fearleſs walks the plain, or ſeeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmleſs ſtranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that caſt
Their ample ſhade o'er *Niger*'s yellow ſtream,
And where the *Ganges* rolls his ſacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in ſolemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wiſeſt of brutes!
O truly wiſe! with gentle might endow'd,
Tho' powerful, not deſtructive! Here he ſees
Revolving ages ſweep the changeful earth,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horſe.

And empires riſe and fall; regardleſs he
Of what the never-reſting race of Men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'ſcape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his ſteps;
Or with his towery grandeur ſwell their ſtate,
The pride of kings! or elſe his ſtrength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Aſtoniſh'd at the madneſs of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid bloſſoms glowing from afar,
Thick-ſwarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a ſportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. But, if ſhe bids them ſhine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in ſong *.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud *Montezuma*'s realm, whoſe legions caſt
A boundleſs radiance waving on the ſun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our ſhades,
Thro' the ſoft ſilence of the liſtening night,
The ſober-ſuited ſongſtreſs trills her lay.

But come, my *Muſe*, the deſart-barrier burſt,
A wild expanſe of lifeleſs ſand and ſky:
And, ſwifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb
The *Nubian* mountains, and the ſecret bounds
Of jealous *Abyſſinia* boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the maſk
Of ſocial commerce com'ſt to rob their wealth;
No *holy Fury* thou, blaſpheming HEAVEN,

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.

With conſecrated ſteel to ſtab their peace,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To ſpread the purple tyranny of *Rome*.
Thou, like the harmleſs bee, may'ſt freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jaſmine grove to grove, may'ſt wander gay,
Thro' palmy ſhades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, inveſt the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy ſummit, ſpreading fair,
For many a league; or on ſtupendous rocks,
That from the ſun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas riſe;
And gardens ſmile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains guſh; and careleſs herds and flocks
Securely ſtray; a world within itſelf,
Diſdaining all aſſault: there let me draw
Ethereal ſoul, there drink reviving gales,
Profuſely breathing from the ſpicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at diſtance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that ſweep
From diſembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landſkip, reſtleſs, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the ſun ſtill eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How chang'd the ſcene! In blazing height of noon,
The ſun, oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt gloom.
Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of ſtruggling night and day malignant mix' d.
For to the hot equator crowding faſt,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air

Admits their ſtream, inceſſant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty wind,
Or ſilent borne along, heavy, and ſlow,
With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid theſe upper ſeas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together daſh'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Diſſolv'd, the whole precipitated maſs
Unbroken floods and ſolid torrents pours.

The treaſures theſe, hid from the bounded ſearch
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the ſwelling *Nile*.
From his two ſprings, in *Gojam*'s ſunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant-ſtream.
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he ſports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant iſles,
That with unfading verdure ſmile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellowed treaſures of the ſky,
Winds in progreſſive majeſty along:
Thro' ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er ſolitary tracts
Of life-deſerted ſand; till, glad to quit
The joyleſs deſart, down the *Nubian* rocks
From thundering ſteep to ſteep, he pours his urn,
And *Egypt* joys beneath the ſpreading wave.

His brother *Niger* too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of *Afric* lave

Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains ſtretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*
Fall on *Cormandel*'s coaſt, or *Malabar*;
From *Menam*'s * orient ſtream, that nightly ſhines
With inſect-lamps, to where Aurora ſheds
On *Indus*' ſmiling banks the roſy ſhower:
All, at this bounteous ſeaſon, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harveſt o'er the land.
Nor leſs thy world, COLUMBUS, drinks, refreſh'd,
The laviſh moiſture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his iſles, the branching *Oronoque*
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-ſufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thouſand ſtreams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring *Andes*, huge deſcends
The mighty *Orellana* †. Scarce the Muſe
Dares ſtretch her wing o'er this enormous maſs
Of ruſhing water; ſcarce ſhe dares attempt
The ſea-like *Plata*; to whoſe dread expanſe,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of courſe,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In ſilent dignity they ſweep along,
And traverſe realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deſarts, worlds of ſolitude,
Where the ſun ſmiles and ſeaſons teem in vain,
Unſeen, and unenjoy'd. Forſaking theſe,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffuſive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle ſafe,
In their ſoft boſom, many a happy iſle;

* The river that runs through *Siam*; on whoſe banks, a vaſt multitude of thoſe inſects called *Fire-flies* make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

The ſeat of blameleſs *Pan*, yet undiſturb'd
By chriſtian crimes and *Europe*'s cruel ſons.
Thus pouring on they proudly ſeek the deep,
Whoſe vanquiſh'd tide, recoiling from the ſhock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waſte of wealth?
This gay profuſion of luxurious bliſs?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain?
By vagrant birds diſpers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambroſial food, rich gums, and ſpicy health,
Their foreſts yield? Their toiling inſects what,
Their ſilky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treaſures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and ſad *Potoſi*'s mines;
Where dwelt the gentleſt children of the ſun?
What all that *Afric*'s golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and ſhining ivory ſtores?
Ill-fated race! the ſoftening arts of Peace,
Whate'er the humanizing Muſes teach;
The godlike wiſdom of the temper'd breaſt;
Progreſſive truth, the patient force of thought;
Inveſtigation calm, whoſe ſilent powers
Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
Suſtains the name and dignity of Man:
Theſe are not theirs. The parent-ſun himſelf
Seems o'er this world of ſlaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppreſſive ray, the roſeat bloom
Of beauty blaſting, gives the gloomy hue,

And feature groſs: or worſe, to ruthleſs deeds,
Mad jealouſy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid ſpirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The ſoft regards, the tenderneſs of life,
The heart-ſhed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of ſweet humanity: theſe court the beam
Of milder climes; in ſelfiſh fierce deſire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous ſenſe,
There loſt. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green ſerpent, from his dark abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-iſſuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immenſe, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreſhing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds; and while, with threatning tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monſter curls
His flaming creſt, all other thirſt appall'd,
Or ſhivering flies, or check'd at diſtance ſtands,
Nor dares approach. But ſtill more direful he,
The ſmall cloſe-lurking miniſter of fate,
Whoſe high-concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arreſting ſwift
The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, ſublim'd
To fearleſs luſt of blood, the ſavage race
Roam, licens'd by the ſhading hour of guilt,
And foul miſdeed, when the pure day has ſhut
His ſacred eye. The tyger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively-ſhining leopard, ſpeckled o'er
With many a ſpot, the beauty of the waſte;
And, ſcorning all the taming arts of Man,
The keen hyena, felleſt of the fell.

Theſe, ruſhing from th' inhoſpitable woods
Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted iſles,
That verdant riſe amid the *Lybian* wild,
Innumerous glare around their ſhaggy king,
Majeſtic, ſtalking o'er the printed ſand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian ſwain; the nobler herds,
Where, round their lordly bull, in rural eaſe,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awakened village ſtarts;
And to her fluttering breaſt the mother ſtrains
Her thoughtleſs infant. From the *Pyrate*'s den,
Or ſtern *Morocco*'s tyrant fang eſcap'd,
The wretch half-wiſhes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderneſs reſounds,
From *Atlas* eaſtward to the frighted *Nile*.

Unhappy he! who from the firſt of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he ſits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the fartheſt verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-diſcovered, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the ſetting ſun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpleſs; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiſs continual thro' the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into theſe black abodes
Of monſters, unappall'd, from ſtooping *Rome*,
And guilty *Cæſar*, LIBERTY retir'd,
Her CATO following thro' *Numidian* wilds:
Diſdainful of *Campania*'s gentle plains,

And all the green delights *Auſonia* pours;
When for them ſhe muſt bend the ſervile knee,
And fawning take the ſplendid robber's boon.
Nor ſtop the terrors of theſe regions here.
Commiſſion'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let looſe the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundleſs furnace of the ſky,
And the wide glittering waſte of burning ſand,
A ſuffocating wind the pilgrim ſmites
With inſtant death. Patient of thirſt and toil,
Son of the deſart! even the camel feels,
Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blaſt.
Or from the black-red ether, burſting broad,
Sallies the ſudden whirlwind. Strait the ſands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer ſtill they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving ſtorm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds ariſe;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or ſunk at night in ſad diſaſtrous ſleep,
Beneath deſcending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In *Cairo*'s crowded ſtreets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And *Mecca* ſaddens at the long delay.
But chief at ſea, whoſe every flexile wave
Obeys the blaſt, the aerial tumult ſwells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon *, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhauſting all the rage of all the ſky,
And dire Ecnephia * reign. Amid the heavens,

* *Typhon* and *Ecnephia*, names of particular ſtorms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

Falſely ſerene, deep in a cloudy * ſpeck
Compreſs'd, the mighty tempeſt brooding dwells:
Of no regard, ſave to the ſkilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the ſmall prognoſtic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Muſters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon ſends before,
To tempt the ſpreading ſail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, deſcends a mingled maſs
Of roaring winds, and flame, and ruſhing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the ſailor ſtands.
Art is too ſlow: by rapid fate oppreſs'd,
His broad-wing'd veſſel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the boſom of the black abyſs.
With ſuch mad ſeas the daring GAMA † fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Inceſſant, lab'ring round the *ſtormy Cape*;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirſt
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The riſing world of trade: the *Genius*, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeleſs ſloth,
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The LUSITANIAN PRINCE ‡; who, HEAV'N-inſpir'd,
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.
Increaſing ſtill the terrors of theſe ſtorms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,

* Called by ſailors the *Ox-eye*, being in appearance at firſt no bigger.

† VASCO DE GAMA, the firſt who ſailed round *Africa*, by the *Cape of Good Hope*, to the *Eaſt Indies*.

‡ DON HENRY, third ſon to *John* the Firſt, king of *Portugal*. His ſtrong genius to the diſcovery of new countries was the chief ſource of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Here dwells the direful ſhark. Lur'd by the ſcent
Of ſteaming crowds, of rank diſeaſe, and death,
Behold! he ruſhing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ſhip along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which ſpoils unhappy *Guinea* of her ſons,
Demands his ſhare of prey; demands themſelves.
The ſtormy fates deſcend: one death involves
Tyrants and ſlaves; when ſtrait, their mangled limbs
Craſhing at once, he dyes the purple ſeas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immenſe, looks out the joyleſs ſun,
And draws the copious ſteam: from ſwampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes deſtructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable ſhades, receſſes foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whoſe gloomy horrors yet no deſperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, waſteful, forth
Walks the dire *Power* of peſtilent diſeaſe.
A thouſand hideous fiends her courſe attend,
Sick Nature blaſting, and to heartleſs woe,
And feeble deſolation, caſting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
Such as, of late, at *Carthagena* quench'd
The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON, ſaw
The miſerable ſcene; you, pitying, ſaw
To infant-weakneſs ſunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghaſtly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamleſs eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ſhips, from ſhore to ſhore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the ſullen waves,

The frequent corſe; while on each other fix'd,
In ſad preſage, the blank aſſiſtants ſeem'd,
Silent, to aſk, whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention thoſe inclement ſkies,
Where, frequent o'er the ſickening city, Plague,
The fierceſt child of NEMESIS divine,
Deſcends? From *Ethiopia*'s poiſoned woods,
From ſtifled *Cairo*'s filth, and fetid fields
With locuſt-armies putrefying * heap'd,
This great deſtroyer ſprung. Her awful rage
The brutes eſcape: Man is her deſtin'd prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a cloſe incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholeſome breeze; and ſtain'd
With many a mixture by the ſun, ſuffus'd,
Of angry aſpect. Princely wiſdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble juſtice, ineffectual, drop
The ſword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And huſh'd the clamour of the buſy world.
Empty the ſtreets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worſt of deſarts ſudden turn'd
The chearful haunt of Men: unleſs eſcap'd
From the doom'd houſe, where matchleſs horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the ſmitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks looſe; and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwiſe. The ſullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors ſociety:

* Theſe are the cauſes ſuppoſed to be the firſt origin of the *Plague*, in Dr. MEAD's elegant book on that ſubject.

Dependants, friends, relations, Love himſelf,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The ſweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their ſelfiſh care: the circling ſky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, ſtruck by turns, in ſolitary pangs
They fall, unbleſt, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the proſtrate city black Deſpair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The ſcene of deſolation, ſtretch'd around,
The grim guards ſtand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unſung: the rage intenſe
Of brazen-vaulted ſkies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine ſtarve the blaſted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
The infuriate hill that ſhoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the ſubterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that reſiſtleſs ſhakes
Aſpiring cities from their ſolid baſe,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muſe:
A nearer ſcene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove
Unuſual darkneſs broods; and growing gains
The full poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the ſecret beds,
Where ſleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery ſpume
Of fat Bitumen, ſteaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the ſky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,

The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious ſpring. A boding ſilence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanſe; ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the loweſt vale, the aërial tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye; by Man forſook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.

'Tis liſtening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The Thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds: till over head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide; then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone-deſcending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning ſtruggles through,

Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the ſtroke, above, the ſmouldering pine
Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs groupe the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tower and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flaſh, and from their deep receſs,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates ſhake.
Amid *Carnarvon*'s mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty cruſh,
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs; and *Snowden*'s peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry load.
Far-ſeen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
And *Thulè* bellows thro' her utmoſt iſles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young CELADON
And his AMELIA were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Hers the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.

They lov'd: but ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undiſſembling truth.
'Twas friendſhip heightened by the mutual wiſh,
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,

Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf;
Supremely happy in th' awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far, and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While, with each other bleſt, creative love
Still bade eternal *Eden* ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on CELADON her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſordered cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In HEAVEN, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he ſaid,
"Sweet innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! HE, who yon ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
"That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs: and that very voice,
"Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
"With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee ſure, and thus
"To claſp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Myſterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,

A blackened corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

As from the face of heaven the ſhatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable ſky
Sublimer ſwells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Thro' the lightened air
A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Inveſts the fields; and nature ſmiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful ſong around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs Man,
Moſt-favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and ſerenes the ſky,
Extinguiſh'd feel that ſpark the tempeſt wak'd,
That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?

Chear'd by the milder beam, the ſprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe cryſtal depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. A while he ſtands
Gazing th' inverted landſkip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon treſſes, and his roſy cheek

Inſtant emerge; and thro' the obedient wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy-winding path;
While, from his poliſh'd ſides, a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round.
This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer heats;
Nor, when cold WINTER keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-ſhivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd,
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe
Of accident diſaſtrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame *Roman* arm,
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.
Cloſe in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON ſat,
Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falſely he
Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breaſt,
In baſhful coyneſs, or in maiden pride,
The ſoft return conceal'd; ſave when it ſtole
In ſide-long glances from her downcaſt eye,
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs.
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant paſſion ſtruggled there,

To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his MUSIDORA ſought:
Warm in her cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;
And, rob'd in looſe array, ſhe came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreſhing ſtream.
What ſhall he do? In ſweet confuſion loſt,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of ſoul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breaſt, and urg'd him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, ſay,
Say, ye ſevereſt, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bleſt
Arcadian ſtream, with timid eye around
The banks ſurveying, ſtripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taſte the lucid coolneſs of the flood.
Ah then! not *Paris* on the piny top
Of *Ida* panted ſtronger, when aſide
The rival-goddeſſes the veil divine
Caſt unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, DAMON, thou; as from the ſnowy leg,
And ſlender foot, th' inverted ſilk ſhe drew;
As the ſoft touch diſſolv'd the virgin zone;
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breaſt,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawleſs gaze
In full luxuriance roſe. But, deſperate youth,
How durſt thou riſque the ſoul-diſtracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious ſwell'd by Nature's fineſt hand,
In folds looſe-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-expos'd ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from herſelf,

With fancy bluſhing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and ſtarting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood ſhe ruſh'd; the parted flood
Its lovely gueſt with cloſing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty ſoftening, every grace
Fluſhing anew, a mellow luſtre ſhed:
As ſhines the lily thro' the cryſtal mild;
Or as the roſe amid the morning dew,
Freſh from *Aurora*'s hand, more ſweetly glows.
While thus ſhe wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with ſtreaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Riſing again, the latent DAMON drew
Such madning draughts of beauty to the ſoul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at laſt,
By love's reſpectful modeſty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, ſtruggling from the ſhade,
With headlong hurry fled: but firſt theſe lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
"Yet unbeheld ſave by the ſacred eye
"Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
"To keep from thy receſs each vagrant foot,
"And each licentious eye." With wild ſurpriſe,
As if to marble ſtruck, devoid of ſenſe,
A ſtupid moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:
So ſtands the ſtatue * that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchleſs boaſt,
The mingled beauties of exulting *Greece*.
Recovering, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe robes

* The Venus of *Medici*.

Which bliſsful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd
In careleſs haſte, th' alarming paper ſnatch'd.
But, when her DAMON's well-known hand ſhe ſaw,
Her terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be deſcrib'd,
Her ſudden boſom ſeiz'd: ſhame void of guilt,
The charming bluſh of innocence, eſteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modeſty exalted: even a ſenſe
Of ſelf-approving beauty ſtole acroſs
Her buſy thought. At length, a tender calm
Huſh'd by degrees the tumult of her ſoul;
And on the ſpreading beech, that o'er the ſtream
Incumbent hung, ſhe with the ſilvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her DAMON kiſs'd with weeping joy:
" Dear youth! ſole judge of what theſe verſes mean,
" By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
" Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill as now
" Diſcreet: the time may come you need not fly."

The ſun has loſt his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital luſtre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, thoſe beauteous robes of heaven,
Inceſſant roll'd into romantic ſhapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and ſwelling faſt
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the ſoft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To ſeek the diſtant hills, and there converſe
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic ſong to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,

Attun'd to happy uniſon of ſoul;
To whoſe exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpſe,
Diſplays its charms; whoſe minds are richly fraught
With philoſophic ſtores, ſuperior light;
And in whoſe breaſt, enthuſiaſtic, burns
Virtue, the ſons of intereſt deem romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,
To Nature's vaſt *Lyceum*, forth they walk;
By that kind *School* where no proud maſter reigns,
The full free converſe of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to ſweet retirement, lovers ſteal,
And pour their ſouls in tranſport, which the SIRE
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good.*
Which way, AMANDA, ſhall we bend our courſe?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore ſhould we chuſe?
All is the ſame with thee. Say, ſhall we wind
Along the ſtreams? or walk the ſmiling mead?
Or court the foreſt-glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harveſts? or aſcend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful *Shene* *? Here let us ſweep
The boundleſs landſkip: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting ſwift, to huge AUGUSTA ſend,
Now to the *Siſter Hills* † that ſkirt her plain,
To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
Majeſtic *Windſor* lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contraſt to this glorious view

* The old name of *Richmond*, ſignifying in Saxon *Shining*, or *Splendor*.

† *Highgate* and *Hampſtead*.

Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the ſilver THAMES firſt rural grows.
There let the feaſted eye unwearied ſtray:
Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat;
And, ſtooping thence to *Ham*'s embowering walks,
Beneath whoſe ſhades, in ſpotleſs peace retir'd,
With HER the pleaſing partner of his heart,
The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
And poliſh'd CORNBURY wooes the willing Muſe,
Slow let us trace the matchleſs VALE OF THAMES;
Fair-winding up to where the Muſes haunt
In *Twit'nam*'s bowers, and for their POPE implore
The healing GOD*; to royal *Hampton*'s pile,
To *Clermont*'s terraſs'd height, and *Eſher*'s groves,
Where in the ſweeteſt ſolitude, embrac'd
By the ſoft windings of the ſilent *Mole*,
From courts and ſenates PELHAM finds repoſe.
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muſe
Has of *Achaia* or *Heſperia* ſung!
O vale of bliſs! O ſoftly-ſwelling hills!
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
And joys to ſee the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly proſpect ſpreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and ſpires,
And glittering towns, and gilded ſtreams, till all
The ſtretching landſkip into ſmoke decays!
Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,
Inſpiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy fartheſt cotts,
And ſcatters plenty with unſparing hand.

* In his laſt ſickneſs.

Rich is thy ſoil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy ſtreams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberleſs; while, roving round their ſides,
Bellow the blackening herds in luſty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and riſe unquell'd
Againſt the mower's ſcythe. On every hand
Thy villas ſhine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property aſſures it to the ſwain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the ſons of art;
And trade and joy, in every buſy ſtreet,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himſelf,
As at the car he ſweats, or duſty hews
The palace-ſtone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where riſing maſts an endleſs proſpect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurried ſailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt adieu, and looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and firſt
Or on the liſted plain, or ſtormy ſeas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful ſires preſide;
In genius, and ſubſtantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet like the muſtering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of thoſe that under grim oppreſſion groan.

Thy SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,
In whom the ſplendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whoſe hallowed name the virtues ſaint,
And *his own* Muſes love; the beſt of *Kings!*
With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS ſhine,
Names dear to Fame; the firſt who deep impreſs'd
On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius ſtill. In *Stateſmen* thou,
And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a ſteady MORE,
Who, with a generous tho' miſtaken zeal,
Withſtood a brutal tyrant's uſeful rage,
Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES juſt,
Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,
A dauntleſs ſoul erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal, and wiſe, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
A DRAKE, who made thee miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy ſpirit high: but who can ſpeak
The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?
In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd;
RALEIGH, the ſcourge of *Spain!* whoſe breaſt with all
The ſage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor ſunk his vigour when a coward-reign
The warrior fettered, and at laſt reſign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe.
Then, active ſtill and unreſtrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vaſt extent of ages paſt,
And with his priſon-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long reſearch,
So glorious, or ſo baſe, as thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muſe the gallant SIDNEY paſs,

The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
A HAMDEN too is thine, illuſtrious land,
Wiſe, ſtrenuous, firm, of unſubmitting ſoul,
Who ſtem'd the torrent of a downward age
To ſlavery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy Age of *Men* effulg'd,
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew
The grave where RUSSEL lies; whoſe temper'd blood,
With calmeſt chearfulneſs for thee reſign'd,
Stain'd the ſad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawleſs power, tho' meanly ſunk
In looſe inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the BRITISH CASSIUS *, fearleſs bled;
Of high determin'd ſpirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlightened love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;
Soon as the light of dawning Science ſpread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muſes' ſong.
Thine is a BACON; hapleſs in his choice,
Unfit to ſtand the civil ſtorm of ſtate,
And thro' the ſmooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward ſtill
To urge his courſe: him for the ſtudious ſhade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich ſoul,
PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom

* ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Of cloiſter'd monks, and jargon-teaching ſchools,
Led forth the true Philoſophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of HEAVEN! that ſlow-aſcending ſtill,
Inveſtigating ſure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.
The generous ASHLEY * thine, the friend of Man;
Who ſcann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
His weakneſs prompt to ſhade, to raiſe his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
Why need I name thy BOYLE, whoſe pious ſearch
Amid the dark receſſes of his works,
The great CREATOR ſought? And why thy LOCKE,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let NEWTON, *pure Intelligence*, whom GOD
To mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs works
From laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame
In all philoſophy. For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild SHAKESPEARE thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable Muſe
Of claſſic ages in thy MILTON met?
A genius univerſal as his theme;
Aſtoniſhing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven ſublime.
Nor ſhall my verſe that elder bard forget,
The gentle SPENSER, Fancy's pleaſing ſon;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his ſong
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:

* ANTONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of *Shafteſbury*.

Nor thee, his ancient maſter, laughing ſage,
CHAUCER, whoſe native manners-painting verſe,
Well-moraliz'd, ſhines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my ſong ſoften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
BRITANNIA, hail; for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimſon, thro' the native white
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when dreſt in love
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious eye.
Iſland of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas,
That thunder round thy rocky coaſts, ſet up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of diſtant nations; whoſe remoteſt ſhores
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be ſhook thyſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave.
O THOU! by whoſe almighty *Nod* the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving VIRTUES round the land,
In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and ſocial *Love*;
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears thro' ſmiles;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound *Temperance*,

Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chaſtity*,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſordered at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough *Induſtry*; *Activity* untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,
And, ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome great deſign.

Low walks the ſun, and broadens by degrees,
Juſt o'er the verge of day. The ſhifting clouds
Aſſembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his ſetting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean ſmile immenſe. And now,
As if his weary chariot ſought the bowers
Of *Amphitrité*, and her tending nymphs,
(So *Grecian* fable ſung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total diſappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Paſſes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the viſion o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A ſight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in ſordid pleaſure roll'd,
Himſelf an uſeleſs load, has ſquander'd vile,
Upon his ſcoundrel train, what might have chear'd
A drooping family of modeſt worth.
But to the generous ſtill-improving mind,
That gives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind beneficence around,

Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confeſs'd from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd clouds,
All ether ſoftening, ſober *Evening* takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air;
A thouſand *ſhadows* at her beck. Firſt *this*
She ſends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a *deeper* ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains: thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered ſeeds ſhe wings.
His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs, o'er many a panting height,
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to paſs
The ſummer night, as village-ſtories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd

Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is alſo ſhun'd; whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
The world to *Night*; not in her winter-robe
Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary viſion turns; where, leading ſoft
The ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet *Venus* ſhines; and from her genial riſe,
When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrival'd reigns, the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cheriſh'd gaze, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky; or horizontal dart
In wondrous ſhapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,
The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immenſity of ſpace
Returning, with accelerated courſe,
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends;
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above

Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,
Whoſe godlike minds philoſophy exalts,
The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting ſpurns
This duſky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky;
While, from his far excurſion thro' the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-ſuſtaining LOVE:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving moiſture on the numerous orbs,
Thro' which his long ellipſis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining ſuns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
With thee, ſerene PHILOSOPHY, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong!
Effuſive ſource of evidence, and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than ſummer-noon; and pure as that,
Whoſe mild vibrations ſooth the parted ſoul,
New to the dawning of celeſtial day.
Hence thro' her nouriſh'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She ſprings aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling maſs of low deſires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of ſcience and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the ſtarry regions, or th' abyſs,
To Reaſon's and to Fancy's eye diſplay'd:
The *Firſt* up-tracing, from the dreary void,

The chain of cauſes and effects to HIM,
The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone
Poſſeſſes being; while the *Laſt* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe,
Diffuſive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence POETRY exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treaſure of mankind!
Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy!

Without thee what were unenlightened Man?
A ſavage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
In queſt of prey; and with th' unfaſhioned furr
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happineſs
Domeſtic, mix'd of tenderneſs and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various ſkill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearleſs braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole;
Mother ſevere of infinite delights!
Nothing, ſave rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a ſtill-revolving train!
Whoſe horrid circle had made human life
Than non-exiſtence worſe: but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embelliſh life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath

Of potent Heaven, inviſible, the ſail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
Nor to this evaneſcent ſpeck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation thro'; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the SOLE BEING right, who *ſpoke the Word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom ſwift ſhe turns
Her eye; and inſtant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vaniſh or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order ſhift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To reaſon then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abſtract; where firſt begins
The world of ſpirits, action all, and life
Unfettered, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, ſits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark ſtate,
In wayward paſſions loſt, and vain purſuits,
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final Iſſue of the works of GOD,
By boundleſs LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,
And ever riſing with the riſing mind.

A U T U M N.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſſed to Mr. ONSLOW. A proſpect of the fields ready for harveſt. Reflections in praiſe of induſtry raiſed by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harveſt ſtorm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A deſcription of fogs, frequent in the latter part of *Autumn*: whence a digreſſion, enquiring into the riſe of fountains and rivers. Birds of ſeaſon conſidered, that now ſhift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and weſtern iſles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A proſpect of the diſcoloured, fading woods. After a gentle duſky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which ſucceeds a calm, pure, ſun-ſhiny day, ſuch as uſually ſhuts up the ſeaſon. The harveſt being gathered in, the country diſſolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philoſophical country life.

A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the ſickle and the wheaten ſheaf,
While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the *Doric* reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry froſt
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-bloſſom'd Spring
Put in white promiſe forth; and Summer ſuns
Concocted ſtrong, ruſh boundleſs now to view,
Full, perfect all, and ſwell my glorious theme.
ONSLOW! the Muſe, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inſpire, and dignify her ſong,
Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares ſhe knows,
The patriot virtues that diſtend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy boſom glow;
While liſtening ſenates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, ſweeter than her ſong.
But ſhe too pants for public virtue, ſhe,
Tho' weak of power, yet ſtrong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country ruſhes on her heart,
Aſſumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,
And *Libra* weighs in equal ſcales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence ſhook
Of parting Summer, a ſerener blue,
With golden light enlivened, wide inveſts
The happy world. Attemper'd ſuns ariſe,
Sweet-beam'd, and ſhedding oft thro' lucid clouds
A pleaſing calm; while broad, and brown, below
Extenſive harveſts hang the heavy head.
Rich, ſilent, deep, they ſtand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poiſe, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the ſky;
The clouds fly different; and the ſudden ſun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the ſhadows ſweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can ſhoot around,
Unbounded toſſing in a flood of corn.

Theſe are thy bleſſings, INDUSTRY! rough power!
Whom labour ſtill attends, and ſweat, and pain;
Yet the kind ſource of every gentle art,
And all the ſoft civility of life:
Raiſer of human kind! by Nature caſt,
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various ſeeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconſcious breaſt,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallowed what the liberal hand

Of bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year:
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt, and comfortleſs, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain, and ſnow, and bitter-breathing froſt:
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the reſort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.
But this the rugged ſavage never felt,
Even deſolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waſte of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where laviſh Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall ancient foreſt to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk, and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-refining ſoul of decent wit:

Nor ſtopp'd at barren bare neceſſity;
But ſtill advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition thro' his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the *Lord* of all below.
Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a *Public*; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
The free, and fairly repreſented *Whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force *Oppreſſion* chaining, ſet
Imperial Juſtice at the helm; yet ſtill
To them accountable: nor ſlaviſh dream'd
That toiling millions muſt reſign their weal,
And all the honey of their ſearch, to ſuch
As for themſelves alone themſelves have rais'd.
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows ſtrong-ſtraining, her aſpiring ſons.
Then COMMERCE brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built;
Rais'd the ſtrong crane; choak'd up the loaded ſtreet
With foreign plenty; and thy ſtream, O THAMES,
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods!
Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,

Like a long wintry foreſt, groves of maſts
Shot up their ſpires; the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty hulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
The roaring veſſel ruſh'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering ſtores: the canvas ſmooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied roſe; the ſtatue ſeem'd to breathe,
And ſoften into fleſh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-fluſh'd.

All is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive Winter chear'd by him
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waſte;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering ſong.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day;
Before the ripened field the reapers ſtand,
In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameleſs gentle offices her toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty ſheaves;

While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds up the ſhocks;
And, conſcious, glancing oft on every ſide
His ſated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſcanty harveſt pick.
Be not too narrow, huſbandmen! but fling
From the full ſheaf, with charitable ſtealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And aſk their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your ſons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
And Fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave Innocence and HEAVEN,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of *Appenine*,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild:
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet LAVINIA; till, at length, compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of ſwains
PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as *Arcadian* ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train

To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd.
" What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
" By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe
" And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
" Of old ACASTO's line; and to my mind
" Recalls that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe;
" Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
" And once fair-ſpreading family, diſſolv'd.
" 'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
" Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
" Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"
When, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful ACASTO; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,

Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frightened at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus PALEMON, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.
" And art thou then ACASTO's dear remains?
" She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought,
" So long in vain? O heavens! the very ſame,
" The ſoftened image of my noble friend,
" Alive his every look, his every feature,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
" Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
" That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
" In what ſequeſter'd deſart, haſt thou drawn
" The kindeſt aſpect of delighted HEAVEN?
" Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair;
" Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
" Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
" O let me now, into a richer ſoil,
" Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns, and ſhowers,
" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
" And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
" ACASTO's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
" Tho' vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
" Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
" The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
" If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
" That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of, goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening-hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.
Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The ſultry ſouth collects a potent blaſt.
At firſt, the groves are ſcarcely ſeen to ſtir
Their trembling tops; and a ſtill murmur runs
Along the ſoft-inclining fields of corn.
But as the aërial tempeſt fuller ſwells,
And in one mighty ſtream, inviſible,
Immenſe, the whole excited atmoſphere,
Impetuous ruſhes o'er the ſounding world:
Strain'd to the root, the ſtooping foreſt pours
A ruſtling ſhower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the diſſipated ſtorm,
And ſend it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmoſt rage,
Thro' all the ſea of harveſt rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,

Tho' pliant to the blaſt, its ſeizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waſte. And ſometimes too a burſt of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, deſcends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempeſt weaves its gloom, and ſtill
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie ſunk, and flatted, in the ſordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches ſwell; the meadows ſwim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable ſtreams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whoſe ruſhing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harveſts, cottages, and ſwains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treaſures of the painful year.
Fled to ſome eminence, the huſbandman
Helpleſs beholds the miſerable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Deſcending, with his labours ſcatter'd round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye maſters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That ſinks you ſoft in elegance and eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe limbs in ruſſet clad,
Whoſe toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And oh be mindful of that ſparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle, and your ſenſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have ſwept away.

Here the rude clamour of the ſportſman's joy,
The gun faſt-thundering, and the winded horn,

Would tempt the Muſe to ſing the *rural Game:*
How, in his mid-career, the ſpaniel ſtruck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open noſe,
Outſtretch'd, and finely ſenſible, *draws* full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the ſun the circling covey baſk
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Thro' the rough ſtubble turn the ſecret eye.
Caught in the meſhy ſnare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
Nor on the ſurges of the boundleſs air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they ſafe; the gun,
Glanc'd juſt, and ſudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their ſounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-diſpers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.
  Theſe are not ſubjects for the peaceful muſe,
Nor will ſhe ſtain with ſuch her ſpotleſs ſong;
Then moſt delighted, when ſhe ſocial ſees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falſely-chearful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleaſure, which the reſtleſs youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beaſts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by neceſſity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conſcious ravage ſhun'd the light,
Aſham'd. Not ſo the ſteady tyrant Man,
Who with the thoughtleſs inſolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the moſt infuriate wrath
Of the worſt monſter that e'er roam'd the waſte,
For ſport alone purſues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.

Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguiſh, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid boſoms never knew.
Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to ſome lone ſeat
Retir'd: the ruſhy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony heath; the ſtubble chapt;
The thiſtly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the ſame friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the ſun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her beſt precaution; tho' ſhe ſits
Conceal'd, with folding ears; unſleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in;
And head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to ſpring away. The ſcented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcattered ſullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze ſhe hears the coming ſtorm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The ſighing gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
The ſavage ſoul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the ſhrill horn
Reſounded from the hills; the neighing ſteed,
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's ſhout;
O'er a weak, harmleſs, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and diſcordant joy.
The ſtag too, ſingled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the ſhades,
Before the tempeſt drives. At firſt, in ſpeed
He, ſprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,

Gives all his ſwift aërial ſoul to flight;
Againſt the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the leſſening murderous cry behind:
Deception ſhort! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He burſts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildeſt wood;
If ſlow, yet ſure, adheſive to the track
Hot-ſteaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the ſhady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every ſhift.
He ſweeps the foreſt oft; and ſobbing ſees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind conteſt, with his butting friends
He wont to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-deſcending flood he tries
To loſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides:
Oft ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
What ſhall he do? His once ſo vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant ſpirit, now no more
Inſpire the courſe; but fainting breathleſs toil,
Sick, ſeizes on his heart: he ſtands at bay;
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous checker'd ſides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the ſilvan youth,
Whoſe fervent blood boils into violence,
Muſt have the chace; behold, deſpiſing flight,
The rous'd-up lion, reſolute, and ſlow,
Advancing full on the protended ſpear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.

Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his ſhaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell deſtruction, to the monſter's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
  Theſe BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITONS, then
Your ſportive fury, pityleſs, to pour
Looſe on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace purſue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, reſiſtleſs; nor the deep moraſs
Refuſe, but thro' the ſhaking wilderneſs
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearleſs, of the raging inſtinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph ſound ſonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echos toſt;
Then ſcale the mountains to their woody tops;
Ruſh down the dangerous ſteep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy ſwallowing up the ſpace between,
Pour all your ſpeed into the rapid game.
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Diſclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who ſaw the villain ſeiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
Relentleſs torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghoſtly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and ſpread
Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,

The ſtag's large front: he then is loudeſt heard,
When the night ſtaggers with ſeverer toils,
With feats *Theſſalian* Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders ſhake the dome.
But firſt the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the ſtrong table groans
Beneath the ſmoking ſirloin, ſtretch'd immenſe
From ſide to ſide; in which, with deſperate knife,
They deep inciſion make, and talk the while
Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defaced
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the paſty plung'd, at intervals,
If ſtomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chace.
Then ſated *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirſt*
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, ſteams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious, as the breath
Of *Maia* to the love-ſick ſhepherdeſs,
On violets diffus'd, while ſoft ſhe hears
Her panting ſhepherd ſtealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honeſt front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyard's beſt produce to vie.
To cheat the thirſty moments, whiſt a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of ſmoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The ſounding gammon: while romp-loving miſs
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robuſt.
At laſt theſe puling idleneſſes laid
Aſide, frequent and full, the dry divan

Cloſe in firm circle; and ſet, ardent, in
For ſerious drinking. Nor evaſion fly,
Nor ſober ſhift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earneſt, brimming bowls
Lave every ſoul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithleſs to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels faſt from theme to theme; from horſes, hounds,
To church or miſtreſs, politics or ghoſt,
In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time, with ſudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch burſts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *Cry* of joy,
The laugh, the ſlap, the jocund curſe go round;
While, from their ſlumbers ſhook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the muſic of the day again.
As when the tempeſt that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual ſinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite diſſolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the ſun wading thro' the miſty ſky.
Then ſliding ſoft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glaſſes and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itſelf was drunk,
Lie a wet broken ſcene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the ſocial ſlaughter: where aſtride
The *lubber Power* in filthy triumph ſits,
Slumbrous, inclining ſtill from ſide to ſide,
And ſteeps them drench'd in potent ſleep till morn.
Perhaps ſome doctor, of tremendous paunch,

Awful and deep, a black abyſs of drink,
Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination ſad,
Laments the weakneſs of theſe latter times.
  But if the rougher ſex by this fierce ſport
Is hurried wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
E'er ſtain the boſom of the BRITISH FAIR.
Far be the ſpirit of the chace from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming ſkill;
To ſpring the fence, to rein the prancing ſteed;
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire;
In which they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready bluſh;
And from the ſmalleſt violence to ſhrink
Unequal, then the loveliеſt in their fears;
And by this ſilent adulation, ſoft,
To their protection more engaging Man.
O may their eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,
Thro' Love's enchanting wiles purſued, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs!
And, faſhion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſtep,
Diſcloſing motion in its every charm,
To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,

And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into ſecond life;
To give Society its higheſt taſte;
Well-ordered Home Man's beſt delight to make;
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity, and praiſe.
Ye ſwains now haſten to the hazel bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep. In cloſe array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling ſhrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their lateſt ſong
The woodlands raiſe; the cluſtering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the ſecret ſhade;
And, where they burniſh on the topmoſt bough,
With active vigour cruſhes down the tree;
Or ſhakes them ripe from the reſigning huſk,
A gloſſy ſhower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair:
MELINDA! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet theſe neglecting, above beauty wiſe,
And far tranſcending ſuch a vulgar praiſe.
Hence from the buſy joy-reſounding fields,
In chearful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taſte, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow ſhower
Inceſſant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a ſoft profuſion, ſcattered round.
A various ſweetneſs ſwells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;

Of temper'd ſun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing compoſition mixt.
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant ſtores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the luſty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the bluſhing orchard ſhakes.
A various ſpirit, freſh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirſty tongue:
Thy *native* theme, and boon inſpirer too,
PHILLIPS, *Pomona*'s bard, the ſecond thou
Who nobly durſt, in rhyme-unfetter'd verſe,
With BRITISH freedom ſing the BRITISH ſong:
How, from *Silurian* vats, high-ſparkling wines
Foam in tranſparent floods; ſome ſtrong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And taſteful ſome, to cool the ſummer-hours.
In this glad ſeaſon, while his ſweeteſt beams
The ſun ſheds equal o'er the meekened day;
Oh loſe me in the green delightful walks
Of, DODINGTON, thy ſeat, ſerene, and plain;
Where ſimple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffuſive, ſpreads the pure *Dorſetian* downs,
In boundleſs proſpect; yonder ſhagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harveſt, and there white with flocks!
Mean-time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-ſplendid, ſeizes on the raviſh'd eye.
New beauties riſe with each revolving day;
New columns ſwell; and ſtill the freſh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green,
Full of thy genius all! the Muſes' ſeat:
Where in the ſecret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the reſtleſs thirſt

Of thy applauſe, I ſolitary court
Th' inſpiring breeze: and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral ſong.
Here, as I ſteal along the ſunny wall,
Where Autumn baſks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleaſing Theme continual prompts my thought:
Preſents the downy peach; the ſhining plum;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luſcious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils ſhoots;
Hangs out her cluſters, glowing to the ſouth;
And ſcarcely wiſhes for a warmer ſky,
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous ſoils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent ſun elated high,
The vineyard ſwells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuſe; and drinks amid the ſunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff encreas'd, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The cluſters clear,
Half thro' the foliage ſeen, or ardent flame,
Or ſhine tranſparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and ſpeak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the cruſhing ſwain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the maſhy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The claret ſmooth, red as the lip we preſs

In ſparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-taſted burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.
Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Deſcend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle ſky unſeen they ſtole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vaſt, ſublime,
Who pours a ſweep of rivers from his ſides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long diviſion, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled ſenſe
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge duſk, gradual, ſwallows up the plain:
Vaniſh the woods; the dim-ſeen river ſeems
Sullen, and ſlow, to roll the miſty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppreſt, the ſun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indiſtinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waſte
The ſhepherd ſtalks gigantic. Till at laſt
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles ſtill
Succeſſive cloſing, ſits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formleſs grey confuſion covers all.
As when of old (ſo ſung the Hebrew Bard)
Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
Theſe roving miſts, that conſtant now begin
To ſmoke along the hilly country, theſe,

With weighty rains, and melted Alpine ſnows,
The mountain-ciſterns fill, thoſe ample ſtores
Of water, ſcoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence guſh the ſtreams, the ceaſeleſs fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some ſages ſay, that, where the numerous wave
For ever laſhes the reſounding ſhore,
Drill'd thro' the ſandy ſtratum, every way,
The waters with the ſandy ſtratum riſe;
Amid whoſe angles infinitely ſtrain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy ſalts behind,
And clear and ſweeten, as they ſoak along.
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs fluid, mounting ſtill,
Tho' oft amidſt th' irriguous vale it ſprings;
But to the mountain courted by the ſand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Freſh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with ſpouting rills. But hence this vain
Amuſive dream! why ſhould the waters love
To take ſo far a journey to the hills,
When the ſweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led aſtray,
They muſt aſpire; why ſhould they ſudden ſtop
Among the broken mountain's ruſhy dells,
And, ere they gain its higheſt peak, deſert
Th' attractive ſand that charm'd their courſe ſo long?
Beſides, the hard agglomerating ſalts,
The ſpoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their ſecret channels; or, by ſlow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the ſwelling vales:
Old Ocean too, ſuck'd thro' the porous globe,

Had long ere now forſook his horrid bed,
And brought *Deucalion*'s watry times again.
Say then, where lurk the vaſt eternal ſprings,
That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their laviſh ſtores
Refreſh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man,
To trace the ſecrets of the dark abyſs,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide diſplay
Their hidden ſtructure to th' aſtoniſh'd view!
Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From *Aſian Taurus*, from *Imaus* ſtretch'd
Athwart the roving *Tartar*'s ſullen bounds!
Give opening *Hemus* to my ſearching eye,
And high *Olympus* pouring many a ſtream!
O from the ſounding ſummits of the north,
The *Doſrine Hills*, thro' *Scandinavia* roll'd
To fartheſt *Lapland* and the frozen main;
From lofty *Caucaſus*, far-ſeen by thoſe
Who in the *Caſpian* and black *Euxine* toil;
From cold *Ripbean Rocks*, which the wild *Ruſs*
Believes the *ſtony girdle** of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in ſtorm,
Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods;
O ſweep th' eternal ſnows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his ſounding baſe,
Bid *Atlas*, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
His ſubterranean wonders ſpread! unveil

* The *Muſcovites* call the *Ripbean* Mountains *Weliki Camenypoyt*, that is, *the great ſtony Girdle*: becauſe they ſuppoſe them to encompaſs the whole earth.

The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of *Abyſſinia*'s cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending *Mountains of the Moon* *!
O'ertopping all theſe giant-ſons of earth,
Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line
Stretch'd to the ſtormy ſeas that thunder round
The ſouthern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing ſcene! Behold! the glooms diſcloſe,
I ſee the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
I ſee the leaning ſtrata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fiſſures to receive the rains,
The melting ſnows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I ſee the ſands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;
That, while the ſtealing moiſture they tranſmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waſte.
Beneath th' inceſſant weeping of theſe drains,
I ſee the rocky ſiphons ſtretch'd immenſe,
The mighty reſervoirs, of hardened chalk,
Or ſtiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated ſtores,
The cryſtal treaſures of the liquid world,
Thro' the ſtirr'd ſands a bubbling paſſage burſt;
And welling out, around the middle ſteep,
Or from the bottoms of the boſom'd hills,
In pure effuſion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling ſun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd

* A range of Mountains in *Africa*, that ſurround almoſt all *Monomotapa*.

Theſe vapours in continual current draw,
And ſend them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A ſocial commerce hold, and firm ſupport
The full-adjuſted harmony of things.

When Autumn ſcatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play
The ſwallow-people; and toſs'd wide around,
O'er the calm ſky, in convolution ſwift,
The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry ſlumbers they retire;
In cluſters clung, beneath the mouldring bank,
And where, unpierc'd by froſt, the cavern ſweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of ſeaſon, there
They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the *Rhine* loſes his majeſtic force
In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the ſtrong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The ſtork-aſſembly meets; for many a day,
Conſulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid ſky.
And now their rout deſign'd, their leaders choſe,
Their tribes adjuſted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a ſhort eſſay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight aſcends; and, riding high
The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the *Northern* ocean, in vaſt whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy iſles
Of fartheſt *Thulè*, and the *Atlantic* ſurge

Pours in among the ſtormy *Hebrides*;
Who can recount what tranſmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds ariſe?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude reſounding ſhore are one wild cry.
Here the plain harmleſs native his ſmall flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little iſland's verdant ſwell,
The ſhepherd's ſea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or ſweeps the fiſhy ſhore; or treaſures up
The plumage, riſing full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the Muſe,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean ſcene,
Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Inveſted with a keen diffuſive ſky,
Breathing the ſoul acute; her foreſts huge,
Incult, robuſt, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extenſive, and of watry wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool tranſlucent brimming flood
Waſh'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure *parent ſtream*,
Whoſe paſtoral banks firſt heard my *Doric* reed,
With, ſilvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempeſt foams
O'er *Orca*'s or *Betubium*'s higheſt peak:
Nurſe of a people, in misfortune's ſchool
Train'd up to hardy deeds; ſoon viſited
By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage
She took her weſtern flight. A manly race,
Of unſubmitting ſpirit, wiſe, and brave;

Who ſtill thro' bleeding ages ſtruggled hard,
(As well unhappy WALLACE can atteſt,
Great patriot hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminiſh'd ſtate;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuſe, their piercing genius plann'd,
And ſwell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant ſtreams,
Bright over *Europe* burſts the *Boreal Morn*.

Oh is there not ſome patriot, in whoſe power
That beſt, that godlike Luxury is placed,
Of bleſſing thouſands, thouſands yet unborn,
Thro' late poſterity? ſome, large of ſoul,
To chear dejected induſtry? to give
A double harveſt to the pining ſwain?
And teach the labouring hand the ſweets of toil?
How, by the fineſt art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean ſnow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to daſh wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully paſſive, while *Batavian* fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny ſwarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our ſhores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouſe, and wing
The proſperous ſail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the ſea-encircled globe;
And thus, in ſoul united as in name,
Bid BRITAIN reign the miſtreſs of the deep?

Yes, there are ſuch. And full on thee, ARGYLE,
Her hope, her ſtay, her darling, and her boaſt,
From her firſt patriots and her heroes ſprung,
Thy fond-imploring Country turns her eye;

In thee, with all a mother's triumph, ſees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wiſdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of ſulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.
Nor leſs the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
For, powerful as thy ſword, from thy rich tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth ſincere, as weeping friendſhip kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in ſilence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wiſdom, by thy ſoul inform'd;
And ſeldom has ſhe known a friend like thee.

But ſee the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over ſhade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To ſooty dark. Theſe now the loneſome Muſe,
Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ſtrown walks,
And give the ſeaſon in its lateſt view.

Mean-time, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether: whoſe leaſt wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
And thro' their lucid veil his ſoftened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For thoſe whom wiſdom and whom Nature charm,
To ſteal themſelves from the degenerate crowd,
And ſoar above this little ſcene of things;

To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To ſooth the throbbing paſſions into peace;
And woo lone *Quiet* in her ſilent walks.
Thus ſolitary, and in penſive guiſe,
Oft let me wander o'er the ruſſet mead,
And thro' the ſaddened grove, where ſcarce is heard
One dying ſtrain to chear the woodman's toil.
Haply ſome widowed ſongſter pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copſe.
While congregated thruſhes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whoſe artleſs ſtrains ſo late
Swell'd all the muſic of the ſwarming ſhades,
Robb'd of their tuneful ſouls, now ſhivering ſit
On the dead tree, a dull deſpondent flock;
With not a brightneſs waving o'er their plumes,
And nought ſave chattering diſcord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman eye,
The gun the muſic of the coming year
Deſtroy; and harmleſs, unſuſpecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miſerable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale deſcending year, yet pleaſing ſtill,
A gentler mood inſpires; for now the leaf
Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove;
Oft ſtartling ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
And ſlowly circles thro' the waving air.
But ſhould a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the ſky the leafy deluge ſtreams;
Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary ſhower,
The foreſt-walks, at every riſing gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waſte, and whiſtle bleak.
Fled is the blaſted verdure of the fields;
And, ſhrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their ſunny robes reſign. Even what remain'd

Of ſtronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The deſolated proſpect thrills the ſoul.
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the POWER
Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes!
His near approach the ſudden-ſtarting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The ſoftened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the ſoul his ſacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; thro' the breaſt
Infuſes every tenderneſs; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.
Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd faſt into the Mind's creative eye.
As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine aſtoniſhment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wiſh,
To make them bleſt; the ſigh for ſuffering worth
Loſt in obſcurity; the noble ſcorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearleſs great reſolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inſpiring glory thro' remoteſt time;
Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame;
The ſympathies of love, and friendſhip dear;
With all the *ſocial Offspring of the heart.*
Oh bear me then to vaſt embowering ſhades,
To twilight groves, and viſionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel forms athwart the ſolemn duſk,

Tremendous ſweep, or ſeem to ſweep along;
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-ſounding, ſeize th' enthuſiaſtic ear!
Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural ſeat
Preſide, which ſhining thro' the chearful land
In countleſs numbers bleſt BRITANNIA ſees;
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majeſtic paradiſe of STOWE*!
Not *Perſian Cyrus* on *Ionia*'s ſhore
E'er ſaw ſuch ſilvan ſcenes; ſuch various art
By genius fir'd, ſuch ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the ſtrife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O PITT, thy country's early boaſt,
There let me ſit beneath the ſheltered ſlopes,
Or in that *Temple*† where, in future times,
Thou well ſhalt merit a diſtinguiſh'd name;
And, with thy converſe bleſt, catch the laſt ſmiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' inchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic Land*;
Will from thy ſtandard taſte refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the pureſt truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpaſſion'd ſhades
Forſaking, raiſe it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter ſhe, with *juſter* hand,
Shall draw the tragic ſcene, inſtruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,

* The ſeat of the Lord Viſcount *Cobham*.

† The Temple of Virtue in *Stow-Gardens*.

And every paſſion ſpeaks: O thro' her ſtrain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive ſenate, charms, perſuades, exalts,
Of honeſt zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And ſhakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' *Elyſian Vales*
Delighted rove, perhaps a ſigh eſcapes:
What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files
Of ordered trees ſhouldſt here inglorious range,
Inſtead of ſquadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hoſts! when the proud foe,
The faithleſs vain diſturber of mankind,
Inſulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to preſs
Thoſe poliſh'd robbers, thoſe ambitious ſlaves,
The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wiſe command,
Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran ſkill.

The weſtern ſun withdraws the ſhortened day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the ſky,
In her chill progreſs, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marſhes ſtagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluſter the rolling fogs, and ſwim along
The duſky mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the ſcatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad viſage in the crimſon'd eaſt.
Turn'd to the ſun direct, her ſpotted diſk,
Where mountains riſe, umbrageous dales deſcend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube deſcries,
A ſmaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and ſheds a ſofter day.
Now thro' the paſſing cloud ſhe ſeems to ſtoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides ſublime.

Wide the pale deluge floats, and ſtreaming mild
O'er the ſky'd mountain to the ſhadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundleſs tide
Of ſilver radiance, trembling round the world.
But when half blotted from the ſky her light,
Fainting, permits the ſtarry fires to burn
With keener luſtre thro' the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
And ſcarce appears, of ſickly beamleſs white;
Oft in this ſeaſon, ſilent from the north
A blaze of meteors ſhoots: enſweeping firſt
The lower ſkies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapſing quick as quickly reaſcend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguiſh, and renew,
All ether courſing in a maze of light.
From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous ſhapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial ſpears, and ſteeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the ſanguine flood
Rolls a broad ſlaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they ſcan the viſionary ſcene,
On all ſides ſwells the ſuperſtitious din,
Incontinent; and buſy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in ſwallowing earthquake ſunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce aſcending flame;
Of ſallow famine, inundation, ſtorm;
Of peſtilence, and every great diſtreſs;
Empires ſubvers'd, when ruling fate has ſtruck

The unalterable hour: even Nature's ſelf
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not ſo the Man of philoſophic eye,
And inſpect ſage; the waving brightneſs he
Curious ſurveys, inquiſitive to know
The cauſes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.
Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A ſhade immenſe. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vaſt, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Diſtinction loſt; and gay variety
One univerſal blot: ſuch the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the ſtate of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor viſited by one directive ray,
From cottage ſtreaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he ſtumbles on,
Struck from the root of ſlimy ruſhes, blue,
The wild-fire ſcatters round, or gathered trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moſs:
Whither decoy'd by the fantaſtic blaze,
Now loſt and now renew'd, he ſinks abſorpt,
Rider and horſe, amid the miry gulph:
While ſtill, from day to day, his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture loſt. At other times,
Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horſe's mane,
The meteor ſits; and ſhews the narrow path,

That winding leads thro' pits of death, or elſe
Inſtructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning ſhines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the laſt autumnal day.
And now the mounting ſun diſpels the fog;
The rigid hoar-froſt melts before his beam;
And hung on every ſpray, on every blade
Of graſs, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah ſee where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the ſtill-heaving hive! at evening ſnatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er ſulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning ſchemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious ſtores.
Sudden the dark oppreſſive ſteam aſcends;
And, us'd to milder ſcents, the tender race,
By thouſands, tumble from their honeyed domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the duſt.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaſeleſs the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn ſearch'd the blooming waſte,
Nor loſt one ſunny gleam? for this ſad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall proſtrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When obliged,
Muſt you deſtroy? Of their ambroſial food
Can you not borrow; and, in juſt return,
Afford them ſhelter from the wintry winds;

Or, as the ſharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on ſome ſmiling day?
See where the ſtony bottom of their town
Looks deſolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpleſs number, who the ruin'd ſtate
Survive, lamenting weak, caſt out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feaſt, or ſunk in ſleep,
(As late, *Palermo*, was thy fate) is ſeiz'd
By ſome dread earthquake, and convulſive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, ſtench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue ſulphureous flame.

Hence every harſher ſight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
Infinite ſplendor! wide inveſting all.
How ſtill the breeze! ſave what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate bruſhes from the plain.
How clear the cloudleſs ſky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
How ſwell'd immenſe! amid whoſe azure thron'd
The radiant ſun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harveſt-treaſures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of ſtorms,
Sure to the ſwain; the circling fence ſhut up;
And inſtant Winter's utmoſt rage defy'd.
While, looſe to feſtive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud ſincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-ſtrung youth,
By the quick ſenſe of muſic taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toaſt,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,

Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving ſmile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wreſtler twines.
Age too ſhines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's ſun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceaſing round.
Oh knew he but his happineſs, of Men
The happieſt he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the RURAL LIFE.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercouſe! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What tho', from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice; nor ſunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate?
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys,
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;
A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life, eſtranged
To diſappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,

When heaven deſcends in ſhowers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap:
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor ought beſides of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells ſimple truth; plain innocence;
Unſullied beauty; ſound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic eaſe.

Let others brave the flood in queſt of gain,
And beat, for joyleſs months, the gloomy wave.
Let ſuch as deem it glory to deſtroy,
Ruſh into blood, the ſack of cities ſeek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's ſhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let ſome, far diſtant from their native ſoil,
Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
Find other lands beneath another ſun.
Let *this* thro' cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd,
Or melt them down to ſlavery. Let *theſe*
Inſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord, and perplexing right,

An iron race! and *theſe* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Deluſive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate.
While he, from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs Men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the Man, who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring, ſees her in her every ſhape;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhened ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muſe, of theſe
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates writes; and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throes; and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he *beſt* exerts his ſong.

Even Winter wild to him is full of bliſs.
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſclos'd, and kindled, by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Ecſtatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with Man!
  Oh Nature! all-ſufficient! over all!
Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profuſely ſcattered o'er the blue immenſe,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to ſcan; thro' the diſcloſing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral *ſtrata* there;

Thruſt, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,
Of animals; and higher ſtill, the mind,
The varied ſcene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift;
Theſe ever open to my raviſh'd eye;
A ſearch, the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In ſluggiſh ſtreams about my heart, forbid
That *beſt* ambition; under cloſing ſhades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whiſper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my ſong;
And let me never never ſtray from THEE!

W I N T E R.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to the Earl of WILMINGTON. Firſt approach of Winter. According to the natural courſe of the ſeaſon, various ſtorms deſcribed. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the ſnows: a man periſhing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miſeries of human life. The wolves deſcending from the *Alps* and *Apennines*. A winter-evening deſcribed: as ſpent by philoſophers; by the country people; in the city. Froſt. A view of Winter within the *polar Circle*. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future ſtate.

WINTER.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and ſad, with all his riſing train;
Vapours, and *Clouds*, and *Storms*. Be theſe my theme,
Theſe! that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought,
And heavenly muſing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careleſs ſolitude I liv'd,
And ſung of Nature with unceaſing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-ſnows, myſelf as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burſt;
Or ſeen the deep-fermenting tempeſt brew'd,
In the grim evening ſky. Thus paſs'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the ſouth
Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and ſmil'd.
To thee, the patron of *her firſt* eſſay,
The Muſe, O WILMINGTON! renews her ſong.
Since has ſhe rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to riſe;
Then ſwept o'er Autumn with the ſhadowy gale;
And now among the wintry clouds again,

Roll'd in the doubling ſtorm, ſhe tries to ſoar;
To ſwell her note with all the ruſhing winds;
To ſuit her ſounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could ſhe fill thy judging ear
With bold deſcription, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou ſkill'd in awful ſchemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodneſs, ſound integrity,
A firm unſhaken uncorrupted ſoul
Amid a ſliding age, and burning ſtrong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A ſteady ſpirit regularly free;
Theſe, each exalting each, the ſtateſman light
Into the patriot; theſe, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muſe
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the chearleſs empire of the ſky
To *Capricorn* the *Centaur Archer* yields,
And fierce *Aquarius*, ſtains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the fartheſt verge of heaven, the ſun
Scarce ſpreads thro' ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual ſhoot
His ſtruggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy ſtorm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he ſkirts the ſouthern ſky;
And, ſoon-deſcending, to the long dark night,
Wide-ſhading all, the proſtrate world reſigns.
Nor is the night unwiſh'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forſake.
Mean-time, in ſable cincture, ſhadows vaſt,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,

A heavy gloom oppreſſive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature ſhedding influence malign,
And rouſes up the ſeeds of dark diſeaſe.
The ſoul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
Freſh from the plough, the dun-diſcoloured flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome root.
Along the woods, along the mooriſh fens,
Sighs the ſad *Genius* of the coming ſtorm;
And up among the looſe disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, preſageful, ſend a hollow moan,
Reſounding long in liſtening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempeſt forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. Firſt joyleſs rains obſcure
Drive thro' the mingling ſkies with vapour foul;
Daſh on the mountain's brow, and ſhake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unſightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhauſted ſtill
Combine, and deepening into night ſhut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; ſave thoſe that love
To take their paſtime in the troubled air,
Or ſkimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untaſted fields return,
And aſk, with meaning lowe, their wonted ſtalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous ſhade.
Thither the houſhold feathery people crowd,
The creſted cock, with all his female train,
Penſive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his ſimple frolic: much he talks,

And much he laughs, nor recks the ſtorm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erſpread,
At laſt the rous'd-up river pours along:
Reſiſtleſs, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the moſſy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and ſounding far;
Then o'er the ſanded valley floating ſpreads,
Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent; till again, conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.
NATURE! great parent! whoſe unceaſing hand
Rolls round the Seaſons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majeſtic, are thy works!
With what a pleaſing dread they ſwell the ſoul!
That ſees aſtoniſh'd! and aſtoniſh'd ſings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boiſterous ſweep, I raiſe my voice to you.
Where are your ſtores, ye powerful beings! ſay,
Where your aërial magazines reſerv'd,
To ſwell the brooding terrors of the ſtorm?
In what far-diſtant region of the ſky,
Huſh'd in deep ſilence, ſleep ye when 'tis calm?
When from the pallid ſky the ſun deſcends,
With many a ſpot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, ſtain'd; red fiery ſtreaks
Begin to fluſh around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poiſe, as doubting yet
Which maſter to obey: while riſing ſlow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd eaſt, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.

Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The ſtars obtuſe emit a ſhivered ray;
Or frequent ſeem to ſhoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in ſhort eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broadened noſtrils to the ſky up-turn'd,
The conſcious heifer ſnuffs the ſtormy gale.
Even as the matron, at her nightly taſk,
With penſive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The waſted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blaſt. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the ſky, its changes ſpeak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their ſcanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
And ſeek the cloſing ſhelter of the grove;
Aſſiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his ſad ſong. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and ſcreams along the land.
Loud ſhrieks the ſoaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling ſea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal preſs'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the ſhore,
Eat into caverns by the reſtleſs wave,
And foreſt-ruſtling mountains, comes a voice,
That ſolemn ſounding bids the world prepare.
Then iſſues forth the ſtorm with ſudden burſt,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the paſſive main
Deſcends th' ethereal force, and with ſtrong guſt
Turns from its bottom the diſcolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night that ſits immenſe around,

Laſh'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thouſand raging waves to burn:
Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult ſwell'd, ſurge above ſurge,
Burſt into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their ſtations drive,
Wild as the winds acroſs the howling waſte
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they ſcale, and now impetuous ſhoot
Into the ſecret chambers of the deep,
The wintry *Baltic* thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their courſe,
And dart on diſtant coaſts; if ſome ſharp rock,
Or ſhoal inſidious break not their career,
And in looſe fragments fling them floating round.

Nor leſs at land the looſened tempeſt reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its ſturdy ſons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they ſhade.
Lone on the midnight ſteep, and all aghaſt,
The dark way-faring ſtranger breathleſs toils,
And, often falling, climbs againſt the blaſt.
Low waves the rooted foreſt, vex'd, and ſheds
What of its tarniſh'd honours yet remain;
Daſh'd down, and ſcatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Aſſiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus ſtruggling thro' the diſſipated grove,
The whirling tempeſt raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-faſtening, ſhakes them to the ſolid baſe.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the ſavage blaſt.
Then too, they ſay, thro' all the burden'd air,

Long groans are heard, ſhrill ſounds, and diſtant ſighs,
That, uttered by the Demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With ſtars ſwift gliding ſweep along the ſky.
All nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
Amid tempeſtuous darkneſs dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully ſerene, commands a calm;
Then ſtrait air, ſea, and earth, are huſh'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid gloom.
Now, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious *Night*,
And *Contemplation* her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.
Sad, ſickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A ſcene of crude disjointed viſions paſt,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd,
With new-fluſh'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
FATHER of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs!
The keener tempeſts riſe: and fuming dun
From all the livid eaſt, or piercing north,
Thick clouds aſcend; in whoſe capacious womb

A vapoury deluge lies, to ſnow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the ſky ſaddens with the gathered ſtorm.
Thro' the huſh'd air the whitening ſhower deſcends,
At firſt thin wavering, till at laſt the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and faſt, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cheriſh'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of pureſt white.
'Tis brightneſs all; ſave where the new ſnow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid ſun
Faint from the weſt emits his evening ray,
Earth's univerſal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waſte, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with ſnow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel ſeaſon, crowd around
The winnowing ſtore, and claim the little boon
Which PROVIDENCE aſſigns them. One alone,
The red-breaſt, ſacred to the houſhold gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His ſhivering mates, and pays to truſted Man
His annual viſit. Half-afraid, he firſt
Againſt the window beats; then, briſk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his ſlender feet. The foodleſs wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beſet
By death in various forms, dark ſnares, and dogs,

And more unpitying Men, the garden ſeeks,
Urg'd on by fearleſs want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the gliſtening earth,
With looks of dumb deſpair; then, ſad diſpers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of ſnow.
Now, ſhepherds, to your helpleſs charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their penns
With food at will; lodge them below the ſtorm,
And watch them ſtrict; for from the bellowing eaſt,
In this dire ſeaſon, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapleſs flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempeſt whelms; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a ſhining mountain ſwells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the ſky.
As thus the ſnows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields, the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow; and other ſcenes,
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing thro' the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track, and bleſt abode of Man;

While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And every tempeſt, howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent! beyond the power of froſt;
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh Nature ſhoots
Thro' the wrung boſom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire,
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter ſeizes; ſhuts up ſenſe;
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffened corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death

And all the ſad variety of pain.
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty. How many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the tragic Muſe.
Even in the vale, where wiſdom loves to dwell,
With friendſhip, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs. How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh. Thought fond Man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.
And here can I forget the generous band*,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redreſſive ſearch'd

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where miſery moans;
Where ſickneſs pines; where thirſt and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the laſh of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whoſe every ſtreet and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morſel from the ſtarving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Even robb'd them of the laſt of comforts, ſleep;
The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the luſt of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious ſtripes;
And cruſh'd out lives, by ſecret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O great deſign! if executed well,
With patient care, and wiſdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye ſons of mercy! yet reſume the ſearch;
Drag forth the legal monſters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppreſſion's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much ſtill untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark inſidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen ſimple juſtice into trade)
How glorious were the day! that ſaw theſe broke,
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the ſhining *Alps*,
And wavy *Appenine*, and *Pyrenees*,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!

Aſſembling wolves in raging troops deſcend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind ſweeps the gloſſy ſnow.
All is their prize. They faſten on the ſteed,
Preſs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering ſavages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreaming infant from her breaſt.
The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whoſe bright glance
The generous lion ſtands in ſoftened gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapleſs undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the ſevere attack,
The country be ſhut up, lur'd by the ſcent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The ſhrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul ſhades, and frighted ghoſts, they howl.
Among thoſe hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy *Griſons* dwell;
Oft, ruſhing ſudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of ſnow their gathering terrors roll.
From ſteep to ſteep, loud-thundering down they come,
A wintry waſte in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and ſwains,
And ſometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets ſleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the ſmothering ruin whelm'd.
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaſeleſs winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning foreſt and the ſhore
Beat by the boundleſs multitude of waves,

A rural, ſhelter'd, ſolitary ſcene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There ſtudious let me ſit,
And hold high converſe with the MIGHTY DEAD;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who bleſt mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inſpiring thought, I throw aſide
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-muſing, hail
The ſacred ſhades, that ſlowly-riſing paſs
Before my wondering eyes. Firſt SOCRATES,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted ſtate,
Againſt the rage of tyrants *ſingle* ſtood,
Invincible! calm Reaſon's holy law,
That *Voice* of GOD within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearleſs, or in life, or death:
Great moral teacher! *Wiſeſt of Mankind!*
SOLON the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide baſe; by *tender laws*
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
Preſerving ſtill that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd ſhone,
The pride of ſmiling GREECE, and human-kind.
LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of ſtricteſt diſcipline, *ſeverely wiſe*,
All human paſſions. Following him, I ſee,
As at *Thermopylæ* he glorious fell,
The firm DEVOTED CHIEF *, who prov'd by deeds
The hardeſt leſſon which the *other* taught.
Then ARISTIDES lifts his honeſt front;
Spotleſs of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice

* LEONIDAS.

Of freedom gave the nobleſt name of *Juſt*;
In pure majeſtic poverty rever'd;
Who, even his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, ſwell'd a haughty *Rival's** fame.
Rear'd by his care, of ſofter ray appears
CIMON ſweet-ſoul'd; whoſe genius, riſing ſtrong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The ſcourge of *Perſian* pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every ſplendid art;
Modeſt, and ſimple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the laſt worthies of declining GREECE,
Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
Penſive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* boaſt,
TIMOLEON, happy temper! mild, and firm,
Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled.
And, equal to the beſt, the THEBAN PAIR†,
Whoſe virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
Their country raiſ'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom *Athenian* honour ſunk,
And left a maſs of ſordid lees behind,
PHOCION the *Good*; in public life ſevere,
To virtue ſtill inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illuſtrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wiſdom ſmooth'd his brow,
Not friendſhip ſofter was, nor love more kind.
And he, the *laſt* of old LYCURGUS' ſons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To ſave a rotten State, AGIS, who ſaw
Even SPARTA's ſelf to ſervile avarice ſunk.
The two *Achaian* heroes cloſe the train.
ARATUS, who a while relum'd the ſoul

* THEMISTOCLES.

† PELOPIDAS and EPAMINONDAS.

Of fondly lingering liberty in GREECE:
And he her darling as her lateſt hope,
The *gallant* PHILOPOEMEN; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a ſimple ſwain;
Or, bold and ſkilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in thoſe virtuous times
Which knew no ſtain, ſave that with partial flame
Their *deareſt* country they *too fondly* lov'd:
Her *better Founder* firſt, the light of ROME,
NUMA, who ſoften'd her rapacious ſons:
SERVIUS the *King*, who laid the ſolid baſe
On which o'er earth the *vaſt republic* ſpread.
Then the great conſuls venerable riſe.
The PUBLIC FATHER* who the *Private* quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal ſternly ſad.
He, whom his thankleſs country *could not* loſe,
CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes.
FABRICIUS, ſcorner of all-conquering gold;
And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.
Thy WILLING VICTIM†, *Carthage*, burſting looſe
From all that pleading Nature could oppoſe,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
SCIPIO, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
Who ſoon the race of ſpotleſs glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the *Poetic ſhade*
With *Friendſhip* and *Philoſophy* retir'd.
TULLY, whoſe powerful eloquence a while
Reſtrain'd the rapid fate of ruſhing ROME.
Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *extreme*.

* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS. † REGULUS.

And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,
Whoſe ſteady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
Lifted the *Roman ſteel* againſt thy *Friend*.
Thouſands beſides the tribute of a verſe
Demand; but who can count the ſtars of heaven?
Who ſing their influence on this lower world?
Behold, who yonder comes! in ſober ſtate,
Fair, mild, and ſtrong, as is a vernal ſun:
'Tis *Phœbus'* ſelf, or elſe the *Mantuan Swain!*
Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of ſong! and *equal* by his ſide,
The BRITISH MUSE; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle ſteep to fame.
Nor abſent are thoſe ſhades, whoſe ſkilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impaſſion'd heart, and charm'd
Tranſported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE:
Nor thoſe who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.
First of your kind! ſociety divine!
Still viſit thus my nights, for you reſerv'd,
And mount my ſoaring ſoul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
Save a few choſen friends, who ſometimes deign
To bleſs my humble roof, with ſenſe refin'd,
Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
Unſtudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muſes' hill will POPE deſcend,
To raiſe the ſacred hour, to bid it ſmile,
And with the ſocial ſpirit warm the heart:
For tho' not ſweeter his own HOMER ſings,
Yet is his life the more endearing ſong.
Where art thou, HAMMOND? thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime

Of vernal genius, where diſcloſing faſt
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou raviſh'd from our hope ſo ſoon?
What now avails that noble thirſt of fame,
Which ſtung thy fervent breaſt? that treaſur'd ſtore
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To ſerve thy country, glowing in the band
Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who ſuſtain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffuſing charm
Of ſprightly wit? that rapture for the Muſe,
That heart of friendſhip, and that ſoul of joy,
Which bade with ſofteſt light thy virtue ſmile?
Ah! only ſhew'd, to check our fond purſuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
Thus in ſome deep retirement would I paſs
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant ſoul,
Or blithe, or ſolemn, as the theme inſpir'd:
With them would ſearch, if Nature's boundleſs frame
Was call'd, late-riſing from the void of night,
Or ſprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND;
Its life, its laws, its progreſs, and its end.
Hence larger proſpects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffuſive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' aſtoniſh'd eye.
Then would we try to ſcan the *moral World*,
Which, tho' to us it ſeems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By WISDOM's fineſt hand, and iſſuing all
In *general Good*. The ſage hiſtoric Muſe
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In ſcatter'd ſtates; what makes the nations ſmile,
Improves their ſoil, and gives them double ſuns;

And why they pine beneath the brighteſt ſkies,
In Nature's richeſt lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of pureſt heaven, which lights the public ſoul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerleſs humble fortune, to repreſs
Theſe ardent riſings of the kindling ſoul;
Then, even ſuperior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Thro' ſhades and plains, along the ſmootheſt ſtream
Of rural life: or ſnatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim ſpaces of futurity,
With earneſt eye anticipate thoſe ſcenes
Of happineſs, and wonder; where the mind,
In endleſs growth and infinite aſcent,
Riſes from ſtate to ſtate, and world to world.
But when with theſe the ſerious thought is foil'd,
We, ſhifting for relief, would play the ſhapes
Of frolic fancy; and inceſſant form
Thoſe rapid pictures, that aſſembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before.
Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay ſurprize;
Or folly-painting *Humour*, grave himſelf,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-ſhaking every nerve.
Mean-time the village rouſes up the fire;
While well atteſted, and as well believ'd,
Heard ſolemn, goes the goblin-ſtory round;
Till ſuperſtitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the ſounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Ruſtic mirth goes round;
The ſimple joke that takes the ſhepherd's heart,
Eaſily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, ſincere;

The kiſs, ſnatch'd haſty from the ſide-long maid,
On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending ſleep:
The leap, the ſlap, the haul; and, ſhook to notes
Of native muſic, the reſpondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city ſwarms intenſe. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt diſcourſe,
Hums indiſtinct. The ſons of riot flow
Down the looſe ſtream of falſe inchanted joy,
To ſwift deſtruction. On the rankled ſoul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong ſink.
Up-ſprings the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thouſand ſprightly ways.
The glittering court effuſes every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and ſparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A ſoft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay inſect in *his* ſummer-ſhine,
The fop, light-fluttering, ſpreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the ſcene, the ghoſt of HAMLET ſtalks;
OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;
And BELVIDERA pours her ſoul in love.
Terror alarms the breaſt; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or elſe the COMIC MUSE
Holds to the world a picture of itſelf,
And raiſes ſly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes ſhe lifts her ſtrain, and paints the ſcenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous BEVIL* ſhew'd.

* A character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

O THOU, whoſe wiſdom, ſolid yet refin'd,
Whoſe patriot-virtues, and conſummate ſkill
To touch the finer ſprings that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can beſtow,
And all *Apollo*'s animating fire,
Give thee, with pleaſing dignity, to ſhine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of poliſh'd life; permit the *Rural Muſe*,
O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her ſong!
Ere to the ſhades again ſhe humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every Muſe has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accompliſh'd mind:
To mark that ſpirit, which, with *Britiſh ſcorn*,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeneſs, which excels,
Even in the judgment of preſumptuous *France*,
The boaſted manners of her ſhining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of ſenſe,
The truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* point,
And kind well-temper'd ſatire, ſmoothly keen,
Steals thro' the ſoul, and without pain corrects.
Or, riſing thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on ſome glorious day,
When to the liſtening ſenate, ardent, crowd
BRITANNIA'S ſons to hear her pleaded cauſe.
Then dreſt by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the ſoft robe of mild perſuaſion wears:
Thou to aſſenting reaſon giv'ſt again
Her own enlightened thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient paſſions on thy voice attend;
And even reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power: as thro' the varied maze

Of eloquence, now ſmooth, now quick, now ſtrong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.
To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muſe:
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Froſty, ſucceed; and thro' the blue ſerene,
For ſight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the ſpent air
Storing afreſh with elemental life.
Cloſe crowds the ſhining atmoſphere; and binds
Our ſtrengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Conſtringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our ſpirits, thro' the new-ſtrung nerves,
In ſwifter ſallies darting to the brain;
Where ſits the ſoul, intenſe, collected, cool,
Bright as the ſkies, and as the ſeaſon keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtleſs eye
In ruin ſeen. The froſt-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable ſoul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A ſtronger glow ſits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their ſullen deeps,
Tranſparent, open to the ſhepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarſer at the fixing froſt.
What art thou, froſt? and whence are thy keen ſtores
Deriv'd, thou ſecret all-invading power,
Whom even th' illuſive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unſeen,
Myriads of little ſalts, or hook'd, or ſhap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immenſe
Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,

With the fierce rage of Winter deep ſuffus'd,
An icy gale, oft ſhifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arreſts the bickering ſtream. The looſened ice,
Let down the flood, and half diſſolv'd by day,
Ruſtles no more; but to the ſedgy bank
Faſt grows, or gathers round the pointed ſtone,
A cryſtal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, ſeiz'd from ſhore to ſhore,
The whole impriſon'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noiſe; while, at his evening watch,
The village-dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the haſty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-ſounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,
Shines out intenſely keen; and, all one cope
Of ſtarry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro' the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes Nature faſt. It freezes on;
Till morn, late-riſing o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the ſilent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb caſcade,
Whoſe idle torrents only ſeem to roar,
The pendant icicle; the froſt-work fair,
Where tranſient hues, and fancy'd figures riſe;
Wide-ſpouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The foreſt bent beneath the plumy wave;

And by the froſt refin'd the whiter ſnow,
Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the tread
Of early ſhepherd, as he penſive ſeeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the ſlippery ſurface, ſwift deſcends.
On blithſome frolics bent, the youthful ſwains,
While every work of Man is laid at reſt,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various ſport
And revelry diſſolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happieſt of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Laſhes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine*
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province ſwarming, void of care,
Batavia ruſhes forth; and as they ſweep,
On ſounding ſkates, a thouſand different ways,
In circling poiſe, ſwift as the winds, along,
The *then gay* land is maddened all to joy.
Nor leſs the northern courts, wide o'er the ſnow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid ſleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-reſounding courſe. Mean-time, to raiſe
The manly ſtrife, with highly blooming charms,
Fluſh'd by the ſeaſon, *Scandinavia*'s dames,
Or *Ruſſia*'s buxom daughters, glow around.
Pure, quick, and ſportful, is the wholeſome day;
But ſoon elaps'd. The horizontal ſun,
Broad o'er the ſouth, hangs at his utmoſt noon:
And, ineffectual, ſtrikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloſs the mountain ſtill maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the foreſt falls the cluſter'd ſnow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam

Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the ſport of thoſe, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the ſhot,
Worſe than the ſeaſon, deſolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter ſinks,
Diveſted of his grandeur, ſhould our eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the *Frigid Zone*;
Where, for relentleſs months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waſte her ſtarry reign.

There, thro' the priſon of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from eſcape,
Wide-roams the *Ruſſian* exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad eye, but deſarts loſt in ſnow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and ſolid floods,
That ſtretch, athwart the ſolitary vaſt,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And chearleſs towns far-diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual courſe the caravan
Bends to the golden coaſt of rich *Cathay* *,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining waſte,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, ſpotleſs as the ſnows they preſs;
Sables, of gloſſy black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly pride of courts.
There, warm together preſs'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen ſnows; and, ſcarce his head
Rais'd o'er the happy wreath, the branching elk

* The old name for *China*.

Lies ſlumbering ſullen in the white abyſs.
The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of ſounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak againſt the mountain heaps they puſh
Their beating breaſt in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' enſanguin'd ſnows,
And with loud ſhouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny foreſt half-abſorpt,
Rough tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.

Wide o'er the ſpacious regions of the north,
That ſee *Boötes* urge his tardy wain,
A boiſterous race, by froſty *Caurus* * pierc'd,
Who little pleaſure know and fear no pain,
Prolific ſwarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of loſt mankind in poliſh'd ſlavery ſunk,
Drove martial horde on horde †, with dreadful ſweep
Reſiſtleſs ruſhing o'er th' enfeebled ſouth,
And gave the vanquiſh'd world another form.
Not ſuch the ſons of *Lapland:* wiſely they
Deſpiſe th' inſenſate barbarous trade of war;
They aſk no more than ſimple Nature gives,
They love their mountains and enjoy their ſtorms.
No falſe deſires, no pride-created wants,
Diſturb the peaceful current of their time;

* The North-weſt Wind.

† The wandering *Scythian Clans.*

And thro' the reſtleſs ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleaſure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches. Theſe their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholeſome fare, and chearful cups.
Obſequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the ſled their necks, and whirl them ſwift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanſe
Of marbled ſnow, as far as eye can ſweep
With a blue cruſt of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaſeleſs ſhake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and ſtars that keener play
With double luſtre from the gloſſy waſte,
Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chaſe,
Or guide their daring ſteps to *Finland*-fairs.
Wiſh'd Spring returns; and from the hazy ſouth,
While dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
The welcome ſun, juſt verging up at firſt,
By ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve;
Till ſeen at laſt for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his ſpiral courſe he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-aſcends the ſky.
In that glad ſeaſon, from the lakes and floods,
Where pure *Niemi*'s* fairy mountains riſe,

* *M. de Maupertuis*, in his book on *the Figure of the Earth*, after having deſcribed the beautiful Lake and Mountain of *Niemi* in *Lapland*, ſays, "From this height we had opportunity ſeveral times to ſee "thoſe vapours riſe from the Lake which the people of the country "call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian Spirits of the "Mountains. We had been frighted with ſtories of Bears that haunted "this place, but ſaw none. It ſeemed rather a place of reſort for "*Fairies* and *Genii*, than Bears."

And fring'd with roſes *Tenglio* * rolls his ſtream,
They draw the copious fry. With theſe, at eve,
They chearful-loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in uſeful cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemiſh'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty ſecur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell intereſt never yet has ſown
The ſeeds of vice: whoſe ſpotleſs ſwains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blaſted by the breath
Of faithleſs love, their blooming daughters woe.
Still preſſing on, beyond *Tornéa*'s lake,
And *Hecla* flaming thro' a waſte of ſnow,
And fartheſt *Greenland*, to the pole itſelf,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muſe expands her ſolitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild ſtupendous ſcene,
Beholds new ſeas beneath another ſky †.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court;
And thro' his airy hall the loud miſrule
Of driving tempeſt is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-ſubduing froſt;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treaſures up his ſnows,
With which he now oppreſſes half the globe.
Thence winding eaſtward to the *Tartar*'s coaſt
She ſweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undiſſolving, from the firſt of time,
Snows ſwell on ſnows amazing to the ſky;

* The ſame Author obſerves: "I was ſurprized to ſee upon the "banks of this river (the *Tenglio*) roſes of as lively a red as any that "are in our gardens."

† The other Hemiſphere.

And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the ſhivering ſailor from afar,
Shapeleſs and white, an atmoſphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the ſurge,
Alps frown on Alps; or ruſhing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and ſhake the ſolid pole.
Ocean itſelf no longer can reſiſt
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempeſt taken by the boundleſs froſt,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanſe,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearleſs, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conſcious ſouthward. Miſerable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their laſt look of the deſcending ſun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold froſt,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the BRITON'S* fate,
As with *firſt* prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)
He for the paſſage ſought, attempted ſince
So much in vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In theſe fell regions, in *Arzina* caught,
And to the ſtony deep his idle ſhip
Immediate ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs crew,
Each full exerted at his ſeveral taſk,
Froze into ſtatues; to the cordage glued
The ſailor, and the pilot to the helm.

* Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, ſent by QUEEN ELIZABETH to diſcover the North-eaſt Paſſage.

Hard by theſe ſhores, where ſcarce his freezing ſtream
Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the laſt of Men;
And half enlivened by the diſtant ſun,
That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
Here human Nature wears its rudeſt form.
Deep from the piercing ſeaſon ſunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waſte the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the groſs race. Nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,
Nor tenderneſs they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that ſtalk without.
Till morn at length, her roſes drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered ſavage to the chace.

What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding Man? Wide-ſtretching from theſe ſhores,
A people ſavage from remoteſt time,
A huge neglected empire ONE VAST MIND,
By HEAVEN inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal PETER! firſt of monarchs! He
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her ſeas, her ill-ſubmitting ſons;
And while the fierce *Barbarian* he ſubdu'd,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the *Man*.
Ye ſhades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Thro' long ſucceſſive ages to build up
A labouring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power;
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port
His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand

Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, of uſeful arts,
Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill.
Charg'd with the ſtores of *Europe* home he goes!
Then cities riſe amid th' illumin'd waſte;
O'er joyleſs deſarts ſmiles the rural reign;
Far-diſtant flood to flood is ſocial join'd;
Th' aſtoniſh'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;
Proud navies ride on ſeas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies ſtretch
Each way their dazzling files, repreſſing here
The frantic *Alexander* of the north,
And awing there ſtern *Othman*'s ſhrinking ſons.
Sloth flies the land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
Of old diſhonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
One ſcene of arts, of arms, of riſing trade:
For what his wiſdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent ſtill, his great *example* ſhew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-bluſtering from the ſouth. Subdu'd,
The froſt reſolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains ſhine; looſe ſleet deſcends,
And floods the country round. The rivers ſwell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed torrents ſhoot at once;
And, where they ruſh, the wide-reſounding plain
Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas,
That waſh'd th' ungenial pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty north;
But, rouſing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave.

And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, toſt amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs,
The roar of winds and waves, the cruſh of ice,
Now ceaſing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful ſport,
Tempeſt the looſened brine, while thro' the gloom,
Far, from the bleak inhoſpitable ſhore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famiſh'd monſters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking* eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals loſt to hope, and lights them ſafe,
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done! dread WINTER ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,

And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! VIRTUE ſole-ſurvives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happineſs on high. And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new-creating word*, and ſtarts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal ſcheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that POWER,
And WISDOM oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In ſtarving ſolitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand

Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more:
The ſtorms of WINTRY TIME will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

A

HYMN.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, theſe
Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling year
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderneſs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY ſun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year:
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſpering gales.
THY bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and ſtorms
Around THEE thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, THOU bidſt the world adore,
And humbleſt Nature with THY northern blaſt.

Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;

Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.
NATURE, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe SPIRIT in your freſhneſs breathes:
Oh talk of HIM in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
HIS praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound HIS ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM; whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.

Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to HIM;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam HIS praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive lowe,
Ye valleys, raiſe; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;
And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night HIS praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to heaven.
Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,

Still ſing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the ſummer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, *inſpiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since GOD is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where HE vital breathes there muſt be joy.
When even at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing: I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſons;
From *ſeeming Evil* ſtill educing *Good*,
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE;
Come then, expreſſive ſilence, muſe HIS praiſe.

THE

CASTLE

OF

INDOLENCE.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

EXPLANATION

OF THE

OBSOLETE WORDS uſed in this POEM.

ARchimage—*the chief or greateſt of magicians, or enchanters.*
Apaid—*paid.*
Appal—*affright.*
Atween—*between.*
Ay—*always.*

Bale—*ſorrow, trouble, misfortune.*
Benempt—*named.*
Blazon—*painting, diſplaying.*
Breme—*cold, raw.*

Carol—*to ſing ſongs of joy.*
Caucus—*the north-eaſt wind.*
Certes—*certainly.*

Dan—*a word prefixed to names.*
Deftly—*ſkilfully.*
Depainted—*painted.*
Drowſy-head—*drowſineſs.*

Eath—*eaſy.*
Eftſoons—*immediately, often, afterwards.*
Eke—*alſo.*

Fays—*fairies.*

Gear *or* Geer—*furniture, equipage, dreſs.*
Glaive—*ſword.* (Fr.)
Glee—*joy, pleaſure.*

Han—*have.*
Hight—*named, called*; and ſometimes it is uſed for *is called.* See Stanza vii.

Idleſs—*Idleneſs.*
Imp—*Child, or offspring*; *from the* Saxon *impan, to graft or plant.*

Keſt—*for caſt.*

Lad—*for led.*
Lea—*a piece of land, or meadow.*
Libbard—*leopard.*
Lig—*to lie.*
Lithe—*looſe, lax.*
Loſel—*a looſe idle fellow.*
Louting—*bowing, bending.*

Mell—*mingle.*
Moe—*more.*
Moil—*to labour.*
Mote—*might.*
Muchel *or* Mochel—*much, great.*

Nathleſs—*nevertheleſs.*
Ne—*nor.*
Needments—*neceſſaries.*
Nourſling—*a child that is nurſed.*
Noyance—*harm.*

Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*)—*an old oath.*
Prankt—*coloured, adorned gayly*
Prick'd thro' the foreſt—*rode thro' the foreſt.*

Sear—*dry, burnt up.*
Sheen—*bright, ſhining.*
Sicker—*ſure, ſurely.*
Smackt—*ſavoured.*
Soot—*ſweet, or ſweetly.*
Sooth—*true, or truth.*

Stound—*misfortune, pang.*
Sweltry—*ſultry, conſuming with heat.*
Swink—*to labour.*

Thrall—*ſlave.*
Tranſmew'd—*transformed.*

Vild—*vile.*
Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*)—*unadorned.*

Ween—*to think, be of opinion.*
Weet—*to know; to weet, to wit.*
Whilom—*ere-while, formerly.*
Wight—*man.*
Wis, *for* Wiſt—*to know, think, underſtand.*
Wonne (a Noun)—*Dwelling.*
Wroke—*wreakt.*

N. B. *The letter* Y *is frequently placed in the beginning of a word, by* Spenſer, *to lengthen it a ſyllable, and* en *at the end of a word, for the ſame reaſon, as* withouten, caſten, *&c.*

Yborn—*born*
Yblent, *or* blent—*blended, mingled.*
Yclad—*clad.*
Ycleped—*called, named.*
Yfere—*together.*
Ymolten—*melted.*
Yode (*preter tenſe of* yede)—*went.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of *Spenſer*, the obſolete words, and a ſimplicity of diction in ſome of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were neceſſary to make the imitation more perfect. And the ſtyle of that admirable poet, as well as the meaſure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by Cuſtom to all allegorical Poems writ in our language; juſt as in *French* the ſtyle of *Marot*, who lived under *Francis* I. has been uſed in tales, and familiar epiſtles, by the politeſt writers of the age of *Louis* XIV.

THE

CASTLE

OF

INDOLENCE.

The caſtle hight of indolence,
And its falſe luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O Mortal man, who liveſt here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard eſtate;
That like an emmet thou muſt ever moil,
Is a ſad ſentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reaſon great;
For, tho' ſometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curſe thy ſtar, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Looſe life, unruly paſſions, and diſeaſes pale.

II.

In lowly dale, faſt by a river's ſide,
With woody hill o'er hill encompaſs'd round,
A moſt enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely ſpot of ground;
And there a ſeaſon atween *June* and *May*,
Half prankt with ſpring, with ſummer half imbrown'd,
A liſtleſs climate made, where, ſooth to ſay,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of reſt:
Sleep-ſoothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that ſlumbrous influence keſt,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleaſant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature ſeen.
Mean time unnumber'd glittering ſtreamlets play'd,
And hurled every-where their waters ſheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the ſunny glade,
Though reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the diſtant hills,
And vacant ſhepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
Or ſtock-doves plain amid the foreſt deep,
That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing gale;
And ſtill a coil the graſhopper did keep;
Yet all theſe ſounds yblent inclined all to ſleep.

V.

Full in the paſſage of the vale above,
A ſable, ſilent, ſolemn foreſt ſtood;
Where nought but ſhadowy forms was ſeen to move,
As *Idleſs* fancy'd in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either ſide, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a ſleepy horror thro' the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and ſcarcely heard to flow.

VI.

A pleaſing land of drowſy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-ſhut eye;
And of gay caſtles in the clouds that paſs,
For ever flushing round a ſummer-ſky:
There eke the ſoft delights, that witchingly
Inſtil a wanton ſweetneſs through the breaſt,
And the calm pleaſures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er ſmack'd of noyance, or unreſt,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious neſt.

VII.

The landſkip ſuch, inſpiring perfect eaſe,
Where INDOLENCE (for ſo the wizard hight)
Cloſe-hid his caſtle mid embowering trees,
That half-ſhut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Mean while, unceaſing at the maſſy gate,
Beneath a ſpacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harſh, complain'd, lamenting man's eſtate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded ſtill,
From all the roads of earth that paſs there by:
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freſhneſs of this valley ſmote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till cluſtering round th' enchanter falſe they hung,
Ymolten with his ſyren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords theſe tempting verſes ſung:

IX.

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
"See all but man with unearn'd pleaſure gay:
"See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
"Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of *May!*
"What youthful bride can equal her array?
"Who can with her for eaſy pleaſure vie?
"From mead to mead with gentle wing to ſtray,
"From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
"Is all ſhe has to do beneath the radiant ſky.

X.

"Behold the merry minſtrels of the morn,
"The ſwarming ſongſters of the careleſs grove,
"Ten thouſand throats! that, from the flowering thorn,
"Hymn their good God, and carol ſweet of love,
"Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
"They neither plough nor ſow; ne, fit for flail,
"E'er to the barn the nodden ſheaves they drove;
"Yet theirs each harveſt dancing in the gale,
"Whatever crowns the hill, or ſmiles along the vale.

XI.

" Outcaſt of Nature, man! the wretched thrall
" Of bitter-dropping ſweat, of ſweltry pain,
" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
" And of the vices, an inhuman train,
" That all proceed from ſavage thirſt of gain:
" For when hard-hearted *Intereſt* firſt began
" To poiſon earth, *Aſtræa* left the plain;
" Guile, violence, and murder ſeiz'd on man,
" And, for ſoft milky ſtreams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

" Come, ye, who ſtill the cumbrous load of life
" Puſh hard up hill; but as the fartheſt ſteep
" You truſt to gain, and put an end to ſtrife,
" Down thunders back the ſtone with mighty ſweep,
" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
" For-ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
" I in oblivion will your ſorrows ſteep,
" Your cares, your toils, will ſteep you in a ſea
" Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

XIII.

" With me, you need not riſe at early dawn,
" To paſs the joyleſs day in various ſtounds:
" Or, louting low, on upſtart fortune fawn,
" And ſell fair honour for ſome paltry pounds;
" Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lye, and viſit pay,
" Now flattering baſe, now giving ſecret wounds;
" Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
" In venal ſenate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to ruſtic labour call,
" From village on to village ſounding clear:
" To tardy ſwain no ſhrill-voic'd matrons ſquall;
" No dogs, no babes, no wives, to ſtun your ear;
" No hammers thump; no horrid blackſmith ſear,
" Ne noiſy tradeſman your ſweet ſlumbers ſtart,
" With ſounds that are a miſery to hear:
" But all is calm, as would delight the heart
" Of *Sybarite* of old, all nature, and all art.

XV.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent eaſe,
" Good-natur'd lounging, ſauntering up and down:
" They who are pleas'd themſelves muſt always pleaſe;
" On others' ways they never ſquint a frown,
" Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
" Thus, from the ſource of tender indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is ſooth'd and ſweeten'd by the ſocial ſenſe;
" For intereſt, envy, pride, and ſtrife are baniſh'd hence.

XVI.

" What, what is virtue, but repoſe of mind,
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no ſtorm;
" Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
" Above thoſe paſſions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
" But here, inſtead, ſoft gales of paſſion play,
" And gently ſtir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker ſenſe of joy; as breezes ſtray
" Acroſs th' enliven'd ſkies, and make them ſtill more gay.

XVII.

" The beſt of men have ever lov'd repoſe:
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
" Where the ſoul ſours, and gradual rancour grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peeviſh day to day.
" Even thoſe whom Fame has lent her faireſt ray,
" The moſt renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a baſe world at laſt have ſtol'n away:
" So SCIPIO, to the ſoft *Cumæan* ſhore
" Retiring, taſted Joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

" But if a little exerciſe you chuſe,
" Some zeſt for eaſe, 'tis not forbidden here.
" Amid the groves you may indulge the muſe,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
" Or ſoftly ſtealing, with your watry gear,
" Along the brooks, the crimſon ſpotted fry
" You may delude: the whilſt, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarſe ſtream, and now the Zephir's ſigh,
" Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly! to heap up eſtate,
" Loſing the days you ſee beneath the ſun;
" When, ſudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
" And gives th' untaſted portion you have won,
" With ruthleſs toil; and many a wretch undone,
" To thoſe who mock you gone to *Pluto*'s reign,
" There with ſad ghoſts to pine, and ſhadows dun:
" But ſure it is of vanities moſt vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd. But ſtill their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching ſong;
That, by a kind of magic power, conſtrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the liſtening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they ſlipt along,
In ſilent eaſe: as when beneath the beam
Of ſummer-moons, the diſtant woods among,
Or by ſome flood all ſilver'd with the gleam,
The ſoft-embodied Fays through airy portal ſtream:

XXI.

By the ſmooth demon ſo it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty firſt began:
Tho' ſome there were who would not further paſs,
And his alluring baits ſuſpected han.
The wiſe diſtruſt the too fair-ſpoken man.
Yet through the gate they caſt a wiſhful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very beſt they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often ſorely ſigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard ſaw,
With ſudden ſpring he leap'd upon them ſtrait;
And ſoon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themſelves within the curſed gate;
Full hard to be repaſs'd, like that of fate.
Not ſtronger were of old the giant-crew,
Who fought to pull high *Jove* from regal ſtate;
Though feeble wretch he ſeem'd, of ſallow hue:
Certes, who bides his graſp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomſoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their ſinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vaniſh'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modeſt grace,
In all her buxom blooming *May* of charms,
Is ſeized in ſome loſel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as ſhe warms,
Then ſighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, ſlow from his bench aroſe
A comely full-ſpread porter, ſwoln with ſleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtleſs aſpect breath'd repoſe;
And in ſweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himſelf from ceaſeleſs yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowſy liquor ran,
Through which his half-wak'd ſoul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black ſtaff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himſelf as much as rouſe himſelf he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his maſter's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguiſh page,
Save ſleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like moſt the untaught ſtriplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to diſengage,
Garters and buckles, taſk for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave perſonage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this ſame limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Mean time the maſter-porter wide diſplay'd
Great ſtore of caps, of ſlippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he thoſe who enter'd in, array'd
Looſe, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the ſummer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undreſs, beſt dreſs! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleaſure drowns,
And heightens eaſe with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter ſat him down, and turn'd to ſleep again.

XXVII.

Thus eaſy rob'd, they to the fountain ſped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A ſtream, high-ſpouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirſted, drew.
It was a fountain of *Nepenthe* rare:
Whence, as Dan Homer ſings, huge pleaſaunce grew,
And ſweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladſome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and ſtill,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
"Ye ſons of Indolence, do what you will;
"And wander where you liſt, thro' hall or glade!
"Be no man's pleaſure for another ſtaid;
"Let each as likes him beſt his hours employ,
"And curſt be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
"Here dwells kind eaſe and unreproving joy:
"He little merits bliſs who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Strait of theſe endleſs numbers, ſwarming round,
As thick as idle motes in ſunny ray,
Not one eftſoons in view was to be found,
But every man ſtroll'd off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be ſeen to ſtray;
While ſolitude, and perfect ſilence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almoſt was conſtrain'd.

XXX.

As when a ſhepherd of the *Hebrid-Iſles**,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings ſometimes deign
To ſtand embodied, to our ſenſes plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilſt in ocean *Phœbus* dips his wain,
A vaſt aſſembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air diſſolves the wondrous ſhow.

XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet, and of ſleep profound!
Whoſe ſoft dominion o'er this caſtle ſways,
And all the widely-ſilent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen diſplays
What never yet was ſung in mortal lays.
But how ſhall I attempt ſuch arduous ſtring,
I who have ſpent my nights and nightly days,
In this ſoul-deadening place, looſe-loitering?
Ah! how ſhall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

* Thoſe iſlands on the weſtern coaſt of *Scotland* called the *Hebrides*.

XXXII.

Come on, my muſe, nor ſtoop to low deſpair,
Thou imp of *Jove*, touch'd by celeſtial fire!
Thou yet ſhalt ſing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold ſons of *Britain* will inſpire;
Of ancient bards thou yet ſhalt ſweep the lyre;
Thou yet ſhalt tread in tragic pall the ſtage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the heroe's ire,
The ſage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Daſhing corruption down thro' every worthleſs age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no ſhrill alarming bell,
Ne curſed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand
The pride of *Turkey* and of *Perſia* land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets ſpread,
And couches ſtretch'd around in ſeemly band;
And endleſs pillows riſe to prop the head;
So that each ſpacious room was one full-ſwelling bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables ſtood,
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever ſprightly juice or taſteful food
On the green boſom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unſeen theſe ſilently diſplay'd,
Even undemanded by a ſign or ſound;
You need but wiſh, and, inſtantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the diſhes roſe, and thick the glaſſes play'd.

XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd, without the leaſt alloy;
Nor goſſip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor ſaintly ſpleen durſt murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleaſures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each ſhould work his own deſire,
And eat, drink, ſtudy, ſleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muſes might inſpire

XXXVI.

The rooms with coſtly tapeſtry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets ſung,
Or of *Arcadian* or *Sicilian* vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the ſweetly-tortur'd heart;
Or, ſighing tender paſſion, ſwell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to reſound their ſmart;
While flocks, woods, ſtreams, around, repoſe and peace impart.

XXXVII.

Thoſe pleas'd the moſt, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan *Abraham* left the *Chaldee* land,
And paſtur'd on from verdant ſtage to ſtage,
Where fields and fountains freſh could beſt engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beaſts the ſilvan war to wage,
And o'er vaſt plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Bleſt ſons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landſkips riſe,
Or autumn's varied ſhades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempeſt ſtrikes the aſtoniſh'd eyes;
Now down the ſteep the flaſhing torrent flies;
The trembling ſun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the ſkies;
Whate'er *Lorrain* light-touch'd with ſoftening hue,
Or ſavage *Roſa* daſh'd, or learned *Pouſſin* drew.

XXXIX.

Each ſound too here to languiſhment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak boſom, and induced eaſe.
Aërial muſic in the warbling wind,
At diſtance riſing oft, by ſmall degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd ſuch ſoul-diſſolving airs,
As did, alas! with ſoft perdition pleaſe:
Entangled deep in its enchanting ſnares,
The liſtening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain muſic, never known before,
Here lull'd the penſive melancholy mind;
Full eaſily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But ſidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd inſtrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the moſt refin'd,
The god of winds drew ſounds of deep delight:
Whence, with juſt cauſe, *The harp of Æolus** it hight.

* This is not an imagination of the author; there being in fact ſuch an inſtrument, called *Æolus's harp*, which, when placed againſt a little ruſhing or current of air, produces the effect here deſcribed.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the ſtring ſo fine?
Who up the lofty Diapaſan roll
Such ſweet, ſuch ſad, ſuch ſolemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the ſoul?
Now riſing love they fann'd; now pleaſing dole
They breath'd, in tender muſings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver ſacred ſtrain they ſtole,
As when ſeraphic hands an hymn impart:
Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

XLII.

Such the gay ſplendor, the luxurious ſtate,
Of *Caliphs* old, who on the *Tygris'* ſhore,
In mighty *Bagdat*, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies ſtore;
And verſe, love, muſic ſtill the garland wore:
When ſleep was coy, the bard*, in waiting there,
Chear'd the lone midnight with the Muſe's lore;
Compoſing muſic bade his dreams be fair,
And muſic lent new gladneſs to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we ſlept, ſtill ran
Soft-tinkling ſtreams, and daſhing waters fell,
And ſobbing breezes ſigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry ſtorms to ſwell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening, ſeem'd to call
The demons of the tempeſt, growling fell,
Yet the leaſt entrance found they none at all;
Whence ſweeter grew our ſleep, ſecure in maſſy hall.

* The *Arabian Caliphs* had poets among the officers of their court, whoſe office it was to do what is here mentioned.

XLIV.

And hither *Morpheus* ſent his kindeſt dreams,
Raiſing a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were ſhadowy caſt elyſian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And ſhed a roſeate ſmile on Nature's face.
Not *Titian*'s pencil e'er could ſo array,
So fleece with clouds the pure etherial ſpace;
Ne could it e'er ſuch melting forms diſplay,
As looſe on flowery beds all languiſhingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair illuſions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muſe will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid ſcenes too groſs her hand.
But ſure it is, was ne'er a ſubtler band
Than theſe ſame guileful angel-ſeeming ſprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, ſoft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' *Arabian Heaven* upon our nights,
And bleſs'd them oft beſides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

They were in ſooth a moſt enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; ſkilful to unite
With evil good, and ſtrew with pleaſure pain.
But for thoſe fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down down black gulphs, where ſullen waters ſleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time ſhould ſerve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian ſpirits, to whom man is dear,
From theſe ſoul demons ſhield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of ſleep diffuſe a bloom:
Evoke the ſacred ſhades of *Greece* and *Rome*,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while O! lend us from the tomb
Thoſe long-loſt friends for whom in love we ſmart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you ſportive——Bid the morn of youth
Riſe to new light, and beam afreſh the days
Of innocence, ſimplicity, and truth;
To cares eſtrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What tranſport, to retrace our boyiſh plays,
Our eaſy bliſs, when each thing joy ſupply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muſe, reſume the taſk that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amuſement of our houſehold was,
In a huge cryſtal magic globe to ſpy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do paſs
Upon this ant-hill earth; where conſtantly
Of idly-buſy men the reſtleſs fry
Run buſtling to and fro with fooliſh haſte,
In ſearch of pleaſures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taſte:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waſte?

L.

Of vanity the mirror This was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might ſee,
At his dull deſk, amid his legers ſtall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Moſt like to carcaſe parch'd on gallow-tree.
A penny ſaved is a penny got:
Firm to this ſcoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and baniſhed his pot.

LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy ſpendthrift heir,
All gloſſy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The ſilly tenant of the ſummer-air,
In folly loſt, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, ſtewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradeſmen him among them ſhare:
His father's ghoſt from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they ſnatch the pen,
As if inſpir'd, and in a *Theſpian* rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors, all this ſcrawl and ſcribbling ſore?
To loſe the preſent, gain the future age,
Praiſed to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when uſeleſs worldly ſtore.

LIII.

Then would a ſplendid city riſe to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they daſh along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tireſome parties for the coming night.

LIV.

The puzzling ſons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whiſper'd cloſe, now ſhrugging rear'd
Th' important ſhoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward ſet.
No ſooner *Lucifer** recalls affairs,
Than forth they various ruſh in mighty fret;
When lo! puſh'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another ſett, and kicketh them down ſtairs.

LV.

But what moſt ſhew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly ſtrife:
Moſt chriſtian kings, inflam'd by black deſire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cauſe war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this ſad work when each begins to tire,
They ſit them down juſt where they were before,
Till for new ſcenes of woe peace ſhall their force reſtore.

* The morning-ſtar.

LVI.

To number up the thouſands dwelling here,
An uſeleſs were, and eke an endleſs taſk;
From kings, and thoſe who at the helm appear,
To gipſies brown in ſummer-glades who baſk.
Yea many a man perdie I could unmaſk,
Whoſe deſk and table make a ſolemn ſhow,
With tape-ty'd traſh, and ſuits of fools that aſk
For place or penſion laid in decent row;
But theſe I paſſen by, with nameleſs numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of ſpecial grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erſpread his face,
Penſive, not ſad, in thought involv'd not dark,
As ſoot this man could ſing as morning-lark,
And teach the nobleſt morals of the heart:
But theſe his talents were yburied ſtark;
Of the fine ſtores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

To noontide ſhades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with ſleep-inviting ſound;
Or when Dan *Sol* to ſlope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he baſk'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the lateſt ray
Of light ſat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward thro' the twilight ſhadows ſtray,
Sauntering and ſlow. So had he paſſed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtleſs ſlumber were they paſt:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the ſleeping embers, mounted faſt,
And all its native light anew reveal'd;
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thouſand glorious ſyſtems would he build,
Ten thouſand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX.

With him was ſometimes join'd, in ſilent walk,
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk:
Oft, ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'erſhading oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himſelf his penſive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering ſtar of eve—"Thank Heaven! the day is done."

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal ſeen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And ſure his linen was not very clean.
Through ſecret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of ſqualid face and mein,
Our caſtle's ſhame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into theſe halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at firſt ſight;
Him the wild wave of pleaſure hither drove,
Before the ſprightly tempeſt toſſing light:
Certes, he was a moſt engaging wight,
Of ſocial glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not even pleaſure to exceſs is good:
What moſt elates then ſinks the ſoul as low:
When ſpring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher ſtill th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary ſhore:
Taught by this ſon of joy, we found it ſo;
Who, whilſt he ſtaid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd caſtle all, th' abode of ſleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of *June* a burniſh'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he ſweeps along,
Chear'd by the breathing bloom and vital ſky,
Tunes up amid theſe airy halls his ſong,
Soothing at firſt the gay repoſing throng:
And oft he ſips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And ſcares their tender ſleep, with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another gueſt there was, of ſenſe refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmoſt walks the muſes lad,
To him the ſacred love of Nature lent,
And ſometimes would he make our valley glad;
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better ſort this friendly meſſage ſent:

LXVI.

" Come, dwell with us! true ſon of virtue, come!
" But if, alas! we cannot thee perſuade
" To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
" Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
" Yet when at laſt thy toils but ill apaid
" Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly ſpark,
" Thou wilt be glad to ſeek the rural ſhade,
" There to indulge the muſe, and nature mark:
" We then a lodge for thee will rear in HAGLEY-PARK."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' ESOPUS* of the age;
But call'd by Fame, in ſoul ypricked deep,
A noble pride reſtor'd him to the ſtage,
And rous'd him like a gyant from his ſleep.
Even from his ſlumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

* Mr. Quin.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beſeems;
* Who, void of envy, guile, and luſt of gain,
On virtue ſtill, and Nature's pleaſing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated ſtrain:
The world forſaking with a calm diſdain,
Here laugh'd he careleſs in his eaſy ſeat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing ſage: his ditty ſweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote eſpy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguiſh twinkle in his eye,
And ſhone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damſel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when obſerv'd, he ſhrunk into his mew,
And ſtrait would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but ſtate-affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow ſat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcel'd out in ſhares,
When in the *Hall of Smoak* they congreſs hold,
And the ſage berry ſun-burnt *Mocha* bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, ſmoak-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth myſterious as of old.

* The following lines of this ſtanza were writ by a friend of the author.

LXXI.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made reſort;
Where, from groſs mortal care and buſineſs free,
They lay, pour'd out in eaſe and luxury.
Or ſhould they a vain ſhew of work aſſume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twiſt, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is caſt the diſtaff, ſpinning-wheel, and loom.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They ſit, they loll, turn o'er ſome idle rhyme;
Then, riſing ſudden, to the glaſs they go,
Or ſaunter forth, with tottering ſtep and ſlow:
This ſoon too rude an exerciſe they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they ſighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god ſoft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now muſt I mark the villainy we found,
But ah! too late, as ſhall eftſoons be ſhewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where ſtill our inmates, when unpleaſing grown,
Diſeas'd, and loathſome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languiſh'd there,
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan;
For of theſe wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurſes were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from ſcenes of joy and reſt,
To this dark den, where ſickneſs toſs'd alway.
Here *Lethargy*, with deadly ſleep oppreſt,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his ſides, and ſnored night and day;
To ſtir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he ſhut ſtraitway:
He led, I wot, the ſofteſt way to death,
And taught withouten pain and ſtrife to yield the breath.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the *Hydropſy:*
Unwieldy man; with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.
And moping here did *Hypochondria* ſit,
Mother of ſpleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And ſome her frantic deem'd, and ſome her deem'd a wit.

LXXVI.

A lady proud ſhe was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes which the ſpittles know,
And ſought all phyſic which the ſhops beſtow,
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes cry,
Then ſudden waxed wroth, and all ſhe knew not why.

LXXVII.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and ſqueamiſh heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the *Tertian* ſhakes his chilling wings;
The ſleepleſs *Gout* here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a ſerpent ſtings;
Whilſt *Apoplexy* cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The knight of arts and induſtry,
And his atchievements fair;
That, by his caſtle's overthrow,
Secur'd, and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the caſtle of the ſire of ſin,
Ah! where ſhall I ſo ſweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing ſave what delightful was and kind,
Of goodneſs ſavouring and a tender mind,
E'er roſe to view. But now another ſtrain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now muſt ſing of pleaſure turn'd to pain,
And of the falſe enchanter INDOLENCE complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the muſe,
And fence for her *Parnaſſus'* barren ſoil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are ſure of bread who ſwink and moil;
But a fell tribe *th' Aonian hive* deſpoil,
As ruthleſs waſps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that nobleſt toil,
Ne for the muſes other meed decree,
They praiſed are alone, and ſtarve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
Thro' which *Aurora* ſhews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living ſtream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great Children* leave:
Of fancy, reaſon, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my muſe, and raiſe a bolder ſong;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of ſloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but ſtill to finiſh loth,
Thy half-writ ſcrolls all eaten by the moth:
Ariſe, and ſing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the ſons of ſoftneſs nobly wroth,
To ſweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a choſen few to rouſe the ſlumbering flame.

V.

In *Fairy-land* there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature ſtern, *Selvaggio* well yclep'd,
A rough unpoliſh'd man, robuſt and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither ſow'd nor reap'd,
Ne ſtores in ſummer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now ſcorch'd by *June*, now in *November* ſteep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting *January* ſore,
He ſtill in woods purſu'd the libbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the foreſt to diſlodge his prey,
Deep in the winding boſom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,
Did to a lonely cott his ſteps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame *Poverty*, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compreſs'd, and fill'd her with a luſty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood ſhade this boy was bred,
And grew at laſt a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous luſtyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing ſtream;
His taſteful well-earn'd food the ſilvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the wood-lands teem:
The ſame to him glad ſummer, or the winter breme.

VIII.

So paſs'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that thro' the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the foreſt ſeem'd to be the ſon,
And certes had been utterly undone;
But that *Minerva* pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the ſoil and rule the crook;
Ne did the ſacred nine diſdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every ſcience, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtleſs brutes excel,
That can or uſe, or joy, or grace impart,
Diſcloſing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exerciſes ſpar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elaſtic force with firmneſs hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-ſteed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roſeat breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the ſecret vale,
Yclad in ſteel, and bright with burniſh'd mail,
He ſtrain'd the bow, or toſs'd the ſounding ſpear,
Or darting on the goal outſtripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
Or ſtrenuous wreſtled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd through Nature's ſtore,
Whate'er ſhe in th' etherial round contains,
What'er ſhe hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or elſe he ſcann'd the Globe, thoſe ſmall domains,
Where reſtleſs mortals ſuch a turmoil keep,
Its ſeas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he ſearch'd the mind, and rous'd from ſleep
Thoſe moral ſeeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he ſcorn to ſtoop from high purſuits
Of heavenly truth, and practiſe what ſhe taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the ſpade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the ſtrong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the fineſt draught;
And oft he put himſelf to *Neptune*'s ſchool,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To ſolace then theſe rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvaſs into life;
With Nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With Nature joyous at the mimic ſtrife:
Or, to ſuch ſhapes as grac'd *Pygmalion*'s wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute ſweet tenderneſs inſpire,
Or verſes fram'd that well might wake *Apollo*'s lyre.

XIV.

Accompliſh'd thus he from the woods iſſu'd,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work, which long he in his breaſt had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did deviſe;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundleſs foreſt wild;
Nought to be ſeen but ſavage wood, and ſkies;
No cities nouriſh'd arts, no culture ſmil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worſt of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthleſs, prey'd:
The ſtrongeſt ſtill the weakeſt over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers ſway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a ſcene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To ſwear, he would the raſcal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it ſhould no more be ſo!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my ſong,
To ſay how this *beſt Sun*, from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chaſing indolence and crimes.
Still as he paſs'd, the nations he ſublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then *Egypt*, *Greece*, and *Rome*, their golden times,
Succeſſive, had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to ſlaviſh ſloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then ſpread
The ſwelling ſail, and made for Britain's coaſt.
A ſylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown ſhades and green-wood foreſt loſt,
All careleſs rambling where it lik'd them moſt:
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing thro' the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at Nature's coſt;
Save ſpear, and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the *Roman* ſteel their naked breaſt diſmay'd.

XVIII.

He lik'd the ſoil, he lik'd the clement ſkies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains
Be this my great, my choſen iſle, (he cries)
This, whilſt my labours LIBERTY ſuſtains,
This queen of ocean all aſſault diſdains.
Nor lik'd he leſs the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and perſevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming HEAVEN with kindeſt firmeſt hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his maſter-work aroſe,
Whatever arts and induſtry can frame:
Whatever finiſh'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itſelf who came,
When *Eden* flouriſh'd in unſpotted fame:
And ſtill with her ſweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they raviſh, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and Art at once, delight and uſe combin'd.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade ſocial Commerce raiſe renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry ſoil to ſoil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody ſpoil
Bring home of either *Ind* the gorgeous ſtores;
Or, ſhould deſpotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remoteſt ſhores,
While o'er th' encircling deep *Britannia*'s thunder roars.

XXI.

The drooping muſes then he weſtward call'd,
From the fam'd city * by *Propontic* ſea,
What time the *Turk* th' enfeebled *Grecian* thrall'd;
Thence from their cloiſter'd walks he ſet them free,
And brought them to another *Caſtalie*,
Where *Iſis* many a famous nourſling breeds;
Or where old *Cam* ſoft paces o'er the lea
In penſive mood, and tunes his *Doric* reeds,
The whilſt his flocks at large the lonely ſhepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finiſh'd leaſt.
For why? They are the quinteſſence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and ſlow increaſt;
Unleſs, as ſeldom chances, it ſhould fall,
That mighty patrons the coy ſiſters call
Up to the ſun-ſhine of uncumber'd eaſe,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but pleaſe:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'ſt they aſk no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
Except to ſuch as ſleek the ſoothing rhyme;
And yet, forſooth, they wear MÆCENAS' name,
Poor ſons of puft-up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken ſpirits, chear! ſtill, ſtill remains
Th' *Eternal Patron*, LIBERTY; whoſe flame,
While ſhe protects, inſpires the nobleſt ſtrains.
The beſt, and ſweeteſt far, are toil-created gains.

* Conſtantinople.

XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in BRITAIN-LAND,
A matchleſs form of glorious government,
In which the ſovereign laws alone command,
Laws ſtabliſh'd by the public free conſent,
Whoſe majeſty is to the ſceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was ſettled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then ſought he from the toilſome ſcene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the heart.

XXV.

For this he choſe a farm in *Deva*'s vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main.
In this calm ſeat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the ſwain.
The happy monarch of his ſylvan train,
Here, ſided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and chear'd his bleſt domain:
His days, the days of unſtain'd Nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarch's of old.

XXVI.

Witneſs, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witneſs, ye flocks, whoſe woolly veſtments far
Exceed ſoft *India*'s cotton, or her ſilk;
Witneſs, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath ſweet evening's ſtar,
Or of *September*-moons the radiance mild.
O hide thy head, abominable war!
Of crimes and ruffian idleneſs the child!
From heaven this life yſprung, from hell thy glories vild!

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement baniſh'd was
Th' amuſing care of rural induſtry.
Still, as with grateful change the ſeaſons paſs,
New ſcenes ariſe, new landſkips ſtrike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marſhes ſlept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting ſtreamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with *Ceres'* ſtore,
And woods imbrown the ſteep, or wave along the ſhore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He poliſh'd Nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durſt not Art incroach;
'Tis Art's alone theſe beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, *Pales*, *Flora*, and *Pomona* play'd:
Here too briſk gales the rude wild common fand
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature ſtray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can laſt for ay?
That ſoul-enfeebling wizard INDOLENCE,
I whilom ſung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the ſenſe,
Even much of private; ate our ſpirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old Fame reports, wiſe, generous, bold, and ſtout.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliſs.
What elſe ſo fit for man to ſettle well?
And ſtill their long reſearches met in this,
This *Truth of Truths*, which nothing can refel:
" From virtue's fount the pureſt joys out-well,
" Sweet rills of thought that chear the conſcious ſoul;
" While vice pours forth the troubled ſtreams of hell,
" The which, howe'er diſguis'd, at laſt with dole
" Will, through the tortur'd breaſt, their fiery torrent roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their ſummits rear.
On the cool height awhile our palmers ſtay,
And ſpite even of themſelves their ſenſes chear;
Then to the vizard's wonne their ſteps they ſteer.
Like a green iſle, it broad beneath them ſpred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to ſhade the meadow bed,
Sweet airs and ſong; and without hurry all ſeem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

" As God ſhall judge me, knight, we muſt forgive
(The half-enraptur'd PHILOMELUS cry'd)
" The frail good man deluded here to live,
" And in theſe groves his muſing fancy hide.
" Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
" That virtue ſtill ſome tincture has of vice,
" And vice of virtue. What ſhould then betide,
" But that our charity be not too nice?
" Come, let us thoſe we can to real bliſs entice."

XXXIX.

" Ay, ſicker (quoth the knight), all fleſh is frail,
" To pleaſant ſin and joyous dalliance bent;
" But let not brutiſh vice of this avail,
" And think to 'ſcape deſerved puniſhment.
" *Juſtice* were cruel weakly to relent;
" From *Mercy*'s ſelf ſhe got her ſacred glaive:
" Grace be to thoſe who can, and will, repent;
" But penance long, and dreary, to the ſlave,
" Who muſt in floods of fire his groſs foul ſpirit lave."

XL.

Thus, holding high diſcourſe, they came to where
The curſed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedleſs men into his ſnare,
In witching wiſe, as I before have ſaid.
But when he ſaw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majeſtic knight approaching nigh,
And by his ſide the bard ſo ſage and ſtaid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who rooſted cock doth ſpy.

XLI.

Nathleſs, with feign'd reſpect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not ſlack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he reſum'd his ſong; and unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his muſic, ran through all his ſtrings:
With magic duſt their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakneſs flings.
What pity baſe his ſong who ſo divinely ſings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They liſten'd ſo intent with fix'd delight:
But they inſtead, as if tranſmew'd to ſtone,
Marvel'd he could with ſuch ſweet art unite
The lights and ſhades of manners, wrong and right.
Mean time, the ſilly crowd the charm devour,
Wide-preſſing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backning ſhunn'd his touch, for well he knew its power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary *Retiarius** trap'd his foe;
Even ſo the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the *Net of Woe*,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Inrag'd at firſt, he ſcorn'd ſo weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He ſet him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful ſhrieks and hideous yells around;
Black ſtormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing ſound,
As of infernal ſprights in cavern bound;
A ſolemn ſadneſs every creature ſtrook,
And lightnings flaſh'd, and horror rock'd the ground:
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd, with blemiſh'd look,
As if on time's laſt verge this frame of things had ſhook.

* A gladiator, who made uſe of a net, which he threw over his adverſary.

XLV.

Soon as the ſhort-liv'd tempeſt was yſpent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And huſh'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the firſt calm moment ſtole.
" There muſt (he cry'd), amid ſo vaſt a ſhoal,
" Be ſome who are not tainted at the heart,
" Not poiſon'd quite by this ſame villain's bowl:
" Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
" Touch ſoul with ſoul, till forth the latent ſpirit ſtart."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his ſide,
Where it in ſeemly ſort depending hung,
His *Britiſh* harp, its ſpeaking ſtrings he try'd,
The which with ſkilful touch he deftly ſtrung,
Till tinkling in clear ſymphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the muſes come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his riſing ſong:
The whilſt, like midnight mute, ten thouſands round
him throng.

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burſt his ſtrain.———
" Ye hapleſs race,
" Dire-labouring here to ſmother reaſon's ray,
" That lights our Maker's image in our face,
" And gives us wide o'er earth unqueſtion'd ſway;
" What is th' ador'd supreme Perfection, ſay?
" What, but eternal never-reſting ſoul,
" Almighty power, and all-directing day;
" By whom each atom ſtirs, the planets roll;
" Who fills, ſurrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

XLVIII.

" Come, to the beaming GOD your hearts unfold!
" Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
" We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
" To ſeraphs burning round th' ALMIGHTY's throne,
" Life riſing ſtill on life, in higher tone,
" Perfection forms, and with perfection bliſs.
" In univerſal Nature this clear ſhewn,
" Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
" To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyſs.

XLIX.

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,
" A ſight more joyous than the dead moraſs?
" Do not the ſkies, with active ether clean,
" And fann'd by ſprightly Zephyrs, far ſurpaſs
" The foul November-fogs, and ſlumberous maſs,
" With which ſad Nature veils her drooping face?
" Does not the mountain-ſtream, as clear as glaſs,
" Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool diſgrace?
" The ſame in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

" It was not by vile loitering in eaſe,
" That GREECE obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
" That ſoft yet ardent ATHENS learn'd to pleaſe,
" To keen the wit, and to ſublime the heart,
" In all ſupreme! complete in every part!
" It was not thence majeſtic ROME aroſe,
" And o'er the nations ſhook her conquering dart:
" For ſluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
" Renown is not the child of indolent repoſe.

LI.

" Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
" But in looſe joy their time to wear away;
" Had they alone the lap of dalliance fought,
" Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
" Rude Nature's ſtate had been our ſtate to-day;
" No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
" No arts had made us opulent and gay;
" With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
" None e'er had ſoar'd to fame, none honour'd been,
none prais'd.

LII.

" Great HOMER's ſong had never fir'd the breaſt
" To thirſt of glory and heroic deeds;
" Sweet MARO's muſe, ſunk in inglorious reſt,
" Had ſilent ſlept amid the *Mincian* reeds:
" The wits of modern time had told their beads,
" And monkiſh legends been their only ſtrains;
" Our MILTON's *Eden* had lain wrapt in weeds,
" Our SHAKESPEAR ſtroll'd and laugh'd with *Warwick* ſwains,
" Ne had my maſter SPENSER charm'd his *Mulla*'s plains.

LIII.

" Dumb too had been the ſage hiſtoric muſe,
" And periſh'd all the ſons of ancient fame;
" Thoſe ſtarry lights of virtue, that diffuſe
" Thro' the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
" Had all been loſt with ſuch as have no name.
" Who then had ſcorn'd his eaſe for others' good?
" Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
" Who in the public breach devoted ſtood,
" And for his country's cauſe been prodigal of blood

LIV.

" But ſhould to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
" If right I read, you pleaſure all require:
" Then hear how beſt may be obtain'd this fee,
" How beſt enjoy'd this Nature's wide deſire.
" Toil, and be glad! let Induſtry inſpire
" Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
" Who does not act is dead; abſorpt entire
" In miry ſloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
" O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

LV.

" Ah! what avail the largeſt gifts of HEAVEN,
" When drooping health and ſpirits go amiſs?
" How taſteleſs then whatever can be given!
" Health is the vital principle of bliſs,
" And exerciſe of health. In proof of this,
" Behold the wretch, who ſlugs his life away,
" Soon ſwallow'd in diſeaſe's ſad abyſs;
" While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
" Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVI.

" O who can ſpeak the vigorous joys of health!
" Unclogg'd the body, unobſcur'd the mind:
" The morning riſes gay, with pleaſing ſtealth,
" The temperate evening falls ſerene and kind.
" In health the wiſer brutes true gladneſs find.
" See! how the younglings friſk along the meads,
" As *May* comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
" Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
" Yet what but high-ſtrung health this dancing pleaſaunce breeds?

LVII.

" But here, inſtead, is foſter'd every ill,
" Which or diſtemper'd minds or bodies know.
" Come then, my kindred ſpirits! do not ſpill
" Your talents here. This place is but a ſhew,
" Whoſe charms delude you to the den of woe:
" Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
" Where pleaſure's roſes, void of ſerpents, grow,
" Sincere as ſweet; come, follow this good knight,
" And you will bleſs the day that brought him to your ſight.

LVIII.

" Some he will lead to courts, and ſome to camps;
" To ſenates ſome, and public ſage debates,
" Where, by the ſolemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty ſtates;
" To high diſcovery ſome, that new-creates
" The face of earth; ſome to the thriving mart;
" Some to the rural reign, and ſofter fates;
" To the ſweet muſes ſome, who raiſe the heart;
" All glory ſhall be yours, all nature, and all art.

LIX.

" There are, I ſee, who liſten to my lay,
" Who wretched ſigh for virtue, but deſpair.
" All may be done, (methinks I hear them ſay)
" Even death deſpis'd by generous actions fair;
" All, but for thoſe who to theſe bowers repair,
" Their every power diſſolv'd in luxury,
" To quit of torpid ſluggiſhneſs the lair,
" And from the powerful arms of ſloth get free.
" 'Tis riſing from the dead——Alas!—It cannot be!

LX.

" Would you then learn to diſſipate the band
" Of theſe huge threatning difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions ſtand,
" His ſoul appall, and damp his riſing fire?
" Reſolve, reſolve, and to be men aſpire.
" Exert that nobleſt privilege, alone,
" Here to mankind indulg'd: controul deſire:
" Let godlike Reaſon, from her ſovereign throne,
" Speak the commanding word—*I will!*—and it is done.

LXI.

" Heavens! can you then thus waſte, in ſhameful wiſe,
" Your few important days of trial here?
" Heirs of eternity! yborn to riſe
" Thro' endleſs ſtates of being, ſtill more near
" To bliſs approaching, and perfection clear,
" Can you renounce a fortune ſo ſublime,
" Such glorious hopes, your backward ſteps to ſteer,
" And roll, with vileſt brutes, thro' mud and ſlime?
" No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd hearts diſdain the ſordid crime!"

LXII.

" Enough! enough!" they cry'd—ſtrait, from the crowd,
The better ſort on wings of tranſport fly:
As when amid the lifeleſs ſummits proud
Of *Alpine* cliffs, where to the gelid ſky
Snows pil'd on ſnows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal *Phœbus* play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in ſtreamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
Glad-warbling thro' the vales, in their new Being gay.

LXIII.

Not leſs the life, the vivid joy ſerene,
That lighted up theſe new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting ſpirit clean,
When, juſt deliver'd from his fleſhly den,
It ſoaring ſeeks its native ſkies agen:
How light its eſſence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Even ſo we glad forſook theſe ſinful bowers,
Even ſuch enraptur'd life, ſuch energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curſes, and blaſphem'd high Jove.
" Ye ſons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
" What brought you to this ſeat of peace and love?
" While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
" We paſs'd the harmleſs ſabbath of our time,
" What to diſturb it could, fell men, emove
" Your barbarous hearts? Is happineſs a crime?
" Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven ſublime.

LXV.

" Ye impious wretches," (quoth the knight in wrath)
" Your happineſs behold!"—Then ſtrait a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illuſive falſhood to command.
Sudden the landſkip ſinks on every hand;
The pure quick ſtreams are marſhy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd ſtand;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathſome creature crawls around.

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning ſcath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
Or, in freſh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or elſe, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens ſung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd;
Theſe, by diſtemper'd blood to madneſs ſtung,
Had doom'd themſelves; whence oft, when night controul'd
The world, returning hither their ſad ſpirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Meantime a moving ſcene was open laid;
That lazar-houſe, I whilom in my lay
Depeinted have, its horrors deep-diſplay'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who toſſing there in ſqualid miſery lay.
Soon as of ſacred light th' unwonted ſmile
Pour'd on theſe living catacombs its ray,
Thro' the drear caverns ſtretching many a mile,
The ſick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes awhile.

LXVIII.

" O Heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once more ſee
" Yon bleſſed ſun, and this green earth ſo fair?,
" Are we from noiſome damps of peſt-houſe free?
" And drink our ſouls the ſweet ethereal air?
" O thou! or Knight, or God! who holdeſt there
" That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains!
" But what for us, the children of deſpair,
" Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
" Repentance does itſelf but aggravate our pains."

LXIX.

The gentle Knight, who ſaw their rueful caſe,
Let fall adown his ſilver beard ſome tears.
" Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace,
" T' undo the paſt, and eke your broken years:
" Nathleſs, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
" With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
" A power the truly contrite heart that chears;
" She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
" She more than merely ſoftens, ſhe rejoices HEAVEN.

LXX.

" Then patient bear the ſufferings you have earn'd,
" And by theſe ſufferings purify the mind;
" Let wiſdom be by paſt miſconduct learn'd:
" Or pious die, with penitence reſign'd;
" And to a life more happy and refin'd,
" Doubt not, you ſhall, new creatures, yet ariſe.
" Till then, you may expect in me to find
" One who will wipe your ſorrow from your eyes,
" One who will ſoothe your pangs, and wing you to the ſkies."

LXXI.

They ſilent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
" For you (reſum'd the Knight with ſterner tone)
" Whoſe hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon ſears,
" That villain's gifts will coſt you many a groan;
" In dolorous manſion long you muſt bemoan
" His fatal charms, and weep your ſtains away;
" Till, ſoft and pure as infant goodneſs grown,
" You feel a perfect change: then, who can ſay,
" What grace may yet ſhine forth in Heaven's eternal day?"

LXXII.

This ſaid, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Inſtant, a glorious angel-train deſcends,
The Charities, to-wit, of roſy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with ſeraphic flame compaſſion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When lo! a goodly hoſpital aſcends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the ſick-bed ſmoothe of that ſad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying ſight,
And gives to human kind peculiar grace,
To ſee kind hands attending day and night,
With tender miniſtry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; ſome, from the pallid face.
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak Nature ſheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilſt, to chaſe
The fear ſupreme, around their ſoften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven diſpreds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of thoſe he reſcu'd had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, ſought of peace the moſſy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To ſee the helpleſs wretches that remain'd,
There left thro' delves and deſerts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale diſmay were ſtain'd,
And ſpreading wide their hands they meek repentance feign'd.

LXXV.

But ah! their ſcorned day of grace was paſt:
For (horrible to tell!) a deſert wild
Before them ſtretch'd, bare, comfortleſs, and vaſt;
With gibbets, bones, and carcaſes defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture ſmil'd;
Nor waving ſhade was ſeen, nor fountain fair;
But ſands abrupt on ſands lay looſely pil'd,
Thro' which they floundering toil'd with painful care,
Whilſt *Phœbus* ſmote them ſore, and fir'd the cloudleſs air.

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyleſs land of bogs,
The ſadden'd country a grey waſte appear'd;
Where nought but putrid ſteams and noiſome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly *Auſter*'s beard;
Or elſe the ground by piercing *Caurus* ſear'd,
Was jagg'd with froſt, or heap'd with glazed ſnow:
Thro' theſe extremes a ceaſeleſs round they ſteer'd,
By cruel fiends ſtill hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt *Beggary*, and *Scorn*, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXVII.

The firſt was with baſe dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, ſunk, and ſad;
His hollow eyne ſhook forth a ſickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to ſee! an heart-appalling ſight!
Meantime foul ſcurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where-e'er he went, ſtill barked all the while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell deſpightful fiend:
Hell holds none worſe in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With noſe up-turn'd, he always made a ſhew
As if he ſmelt ſome nauſeous ſcent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blaſt from boreal ſnow;
And taunts he caſten forth moſt bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

Even ſo thro' *Brentford* town, a town of mud,
An herd of briſly ſwine is prick'd along;
The filthy beaſts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and ſqueak, and ſing their troublous ſong,
And oft they plunge themſelves the mire among:
But ay the ruthleſs driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they reſt from their unreſting fone.

A

P O E M,

SACRED TO THE

M E M O R Y

OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SHALL the great ſoul of Newton quit this earth,
To mingle with his ſtars; and every Muſe,
Aſtoniſh'd into ſilence, ſhun the weight
Of honours due to his illuſtrious name?
But what can man?—Even now the ſons of light,
In ſtrains high-warbled to ſeraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coaſt of bliſs.
Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
And ſung to harps of angels; for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aſpire
In nature's general ſymphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye ſhew your gueſt!
Who, while on this dim ſpot, where mortals toil
Clouded in duſt, from Motion's ſimple laws,
Could trace the ſecret hand of Providence,
Wide-working thro' this univerſal frame.

Have ye not liſten'd while he bound the Suns,
And Planets, to their ſpheres! th' unequal taſk
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft diſgrac'd

The pride of ſchools, before their courſe was known
Full in its cauſes and effects to him,
All-piercing ſage! who ſat not down and dream'd
Romantic ſchemes, defended by the din
Of ſpecious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic Patience years on years
Deep-ſearching, ſaw at laſt the Syſtem dawn,
And ſhine, of all his race, on him alone.
What were his raptures then! how pure! how ſtrong!
And what the triumphs of old *Greece* and *Rome*,
By his diminiſh'd, but the pride of boys
In ſome ſmall fray victorious! when inſtead
Of ſhatter'd parcels of this earth uſurp'd
By violence unmanly, and ſore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herſelf
Stood all-ſubdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All intellectual eye, our ſolar round
Firſt gazing thro', he by the blended power
Of *Gravitation* and *Projection* ſaw
The whole in ſilent harmony revolve.
From unaſſiſted viſion hid, the moons
To chear remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were ſeen.
He alſo fix'd our wandering queen of night,
Whether ſhe wanes into a ſcanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale ſhadowy light,
In a ſoft deluge overflows the ſky.
Her every motion clear-diſcerning, He
Adjuſted to the mutual Main, and taught
Why now the mighty maſs of water ſwells
Reſiſtleſs, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning: till again

The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waſte of idle ſands behind.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Thro' the blue infinite; and every ſtar,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or aſtronomic tube,
Far-ſtretching, ſnatches from the dark abyſs;
Or ſuch as farther in ſucceſſive ſkies
To fancy ſhine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into ſuns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious ſyſtem: all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that ſingle power,
Which draws the ſtone projected to the ground.
O unprofuſe magnificence divine!
O wiſdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few cauſes ſuch a ſcheme of things,
Effects ſo various, beautiful, and great,
An univerſe compleat! And O belov'd
Of Heaven! whoſe well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The myſtic veil tranſpiercing, inly ſcann'd
The riſing, moving, wide-eſtabliſh'd frame.
He, firſt of men, with awful wing purſu'd
The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening ſky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations ſhakes diſmay.
The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling *vortices*, and circling *ſpheres*,
To their firſt great ſimplicity reſtor'd.
The ſchools aſtoniſh'd ſtood; but found it vain
To combat ſtill with demonſtration ſtrong,
And, unawakened, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleaſing viſions fled,

With the gay ſhadows of the morning mix'd,
When NEWTON roſe, our philoſophic ſun.
Th' aërial flow of Sound was known to him,
From whence it firſt in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the meſſage in.
Nor could the darting beam of ſpeed immenſe,
Eſcape his ſwift purſuit, and meaſuring eye.
Even Light itſelf, which every thing diſplays,
Shone undiſcover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwiſted all the ſhining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undiſtinguiſh'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of Parent-colours. Firſt the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
And next delicious Yellow; by whoſe ſide
Fell the kind beams of all-refreſhing Green.
Then the pure Blue, that ſwells autumnal ſkies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of ſadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepened Indico, as when
The heavy-ſkirted evening droops with froſt.
While the laſt gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.
Theſe, when the clouds diſtil the roſy ſhower,
Shine out diſtinct adown the watery bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy viſion bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from theſe reſult,
And myriads ſtill remain; infinite ſource
Of beauty, ever-bluſhing, ever-new!
Did ever poet image aught ſo fair,
Dreaming in whiſpering groves, by the hoarſe brook!
Or prophet, to whoſe rapture Heaven deſcends!
Even now the ſetting ſun and ſhifting clouds,

Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy lovely heights, declare
How juſt, how beauteous the *refractive law*.

The noiſeleſs tide of time, all bearing down
To vaſt eternity's unbounded ſea,
Where the green iſlands of the happy ſhine,
He ſtemm'd alone: and to the ſource (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) aſcending, rais'd
His lights at equal diſtances, to guide
Hiſtorian, wilder'd on his darkſome way.

But who can number up his labours? who
His high diſcoveries ſing? when but a few
Of the deep-ſtudying race can ſtretch their minds
To what he knew; in fancy's lighter thought,
How ſhall the muſe then graſp the mighty theme?

What wonder thence that his devotion ſwell'd
Reſponſive to his knowledge! For could he,
Whoſe piercing mental eye diffuſive ſaw
The finiſh'd univerſity of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear inceſſant to adore that Power
Who fills, ſuſtains, and actuates the whole?

Say, ye who beſt can tell, ye happy few,
Who ſaw him in the ſofteſt lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vaſt unborrow'd treaſures of his mind,
Oh ſpeak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm eſtabliſh'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still preſſing on, forgetful of the paſt,
And panting for perfection: far above
Thoſe little cares, and viſionary joys,
That ſo perplex the fond impaſſion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-truſting man.

And you, ye hopeleſs gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconſcious of thoſe nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Againſt the prime endearing privilege
Of Being dare contend, ſay, can a ſoul
Of ſuch extenſive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging ſtill, be but a finer breath
Of ſpirits dancing thro' their tubes awhile,
And then for ever loſt in vacant air?
But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when ſome awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world—*'Tis done!—The meaſure's full;*
And I reſign my charge.——Ye mouldering ſtones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthleſs ruin, and whate'er ſupports
The worſhip name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the duſt! what grandeur can ye boaſt
While NEWTON lifts his column to the ſkies,
Beyond the waſte of time. Let no weak drop
Be ſhed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
Theſe are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
And elegiac ſong. But NEWTON calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' thoſe endleſs worlds
He here ſo well deſcrib'd, and wondering talks
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.
O BRITAIN's boaſt! whether with angels thou
Sitteſt in dread diſcourſe, or fellow-bleſt,
Who joy to ſee the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy ſwift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture loſt,

And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From LIGHT *himſelf*; Oh look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the ſpirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preſide,
And be her *Genius* call'd! her ſtudies raiſe,
Correct her manners, and inſpire her youth.
For, tho' deprav'd and ſunk, ſhe brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; ſhe points thee out
To all her ſons, and bids them eye thy ſtar:
While in expectance of the ſecond life,
When time ſhall be no more, thy ſacred duſt
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the ſcene.

A

POEM,

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD TALBOT,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD TALBOT.

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.

WHILE, with the Public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father loſt; permit the Muſe,
The Muſe aſſign'd of old a double theme,
To praiſe dead worth and humble living pride,
Whoſe generous taſk begins where int'reſt ends,
Permit her on a TALBOT's tomb to lay
This cordial verſe ſincere, by truth inſpir'd,
Which means not to beſtow but borrow fame.
Yes, ſhe may ſing his matchleſs virtues now—
Unhappy that ſhe may.—But where begin?
How from the diamond ſingle out each ray,
Where all, tho' trembling with ten thouſand hues,
Effuſe one dazzling undivided light?
Let the low-minded of theſe narrow days
No more preſume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In TALBOT we united ſaw
The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd ſoul,
The graceful eaſe, the flowing tongue of *Greece*,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of *Rome*.

Eternal Wisdom, that all-quick'ning ſun,
Whence every life, in juſt proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence ſteady, calm,
Diffuſive, deep, and clear, his reaſon ſaw,
With inſtantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliſs
Pertains, that nobleſt ſcience, fit for man:
And hence, reſponſive to his knowledge, glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
In conſort foul, agree; each heightening each;
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
What grand, what comely, or what tender ſenſe,
What talent, or what virtue was not his;
What that can render man or great, or good,
Give uſeful worth, or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in ſtudious ſhade to lie,
In ſoft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With ſelfiſh peace. The Syren of the wiſe,
(Who ſteals th' *Aonian* ſong, and, in the ſhape
Of virtue, wooes them from a worthleſs world)
Tho' deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His ſtrenuous ſpirit, recollected, calm,
As ſilent night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the buſtling, and the bad,
Preſs to uſurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of ſneaking int'reſt or luxurious vice,
The villain's paſſions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour thro' the ſoul,
Than thoſe that, mingled with our trueſt good,
With preſent honour and immortal fame,

Involve the good of all? An empty form
Is the weak virtue, that amid the ſhade
Lamenting lies, with future ſchemes amus'd,
While Wickedneſs and Folly, *kindred powers*,
Confound the world. A TALBOT's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action: action, that diſdain'd
To loſe in deathlike ſloth one pulſe of life,
That might be ſav'd; diſdain'd for coward eaſe,
And her inſipid pleaſures, to reſign
The prize of glory, the keen ſweets of toil,
And thoſe high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.

Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the ſpring
Leads in her ſwelling train the gentle airs:
While gay, behind her, ſmiles the kindling waſte
Of ruffian ſtorms and winter's lawleſs rage.
In him *Aſtrea*, to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men, return'd again:
To bleſs them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happineſs and juſtice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, ſought the good
Of human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots, when they model ſtates:
Anxious for *that*, nor needful ſleep could hold
His ſtill-awaken'd ſoul; nor friends had charms
To ſteal, with pleaſing guile, one uſeful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied ſteps, by Virtue led,
He gain'd the ſummit of that ſacred hill,
Where rais'd above black envy's dark'ning clouds,
Her ſpotleſs temple lifts its radiant front.

Be nam'd, victorious ravagers, no more!
Vaniſh, ye human comets! ſhrink your blaze!
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As, o'er the gazing deſolated earth,
You ſcatter famine, peſtilence, and war;
Vaniſh! before this vernal ſun of fame;
Effulgent ſweetneſs! beaming life and joy.

How the heart liſten'd, while he, pleading, ſpoke!
While on the enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reaſon ſo perſuaſive ſtole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye ſtudious of the laws, again
Shall ſuch enchanting leſſons bleſs your ear?
When ſhall again the darkeſt truths, perplext,
Be ſet in ample day? when ſhall the harſh
And arduous open into ſmiling eaſe?
The ſolid mix with elegant delight?
His was the talent with the pureſt light
At once to pour conviction on the ſoul,
And warm with lawful flame th' impaſſion'd heart.
That dangerous gift with him was ſafely lodg'd
By Heaven—He, ſacred to his country's cauſe,
To trampled want and worth, to ſuffering right,
To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,
Reſerv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Deſpiſing then the ſmiles or frowns of power,
He all that nobleſt eloquence effus'd,
Which generous paſſion, taught by reaſon, breathes:
Then ſpoke the man; and, over barren art,
Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then
His client was, humanity and truth.

Plac'd on the ſeat of juſtice, there he reign'd,
In a ſuperior ſphere of cloudleſs day,

A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemp'rate heat,
No paſſion e'er diſturb'd the clear ſerene
That round him ſpread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of juſtice, like the ſteady ſun,
Its equal ardor lent; and ſometimes rais'd
Againſt the ſons of violence, of pride,
And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet ſtill by ſober dignity reſtrain'd.
As intuition quick, he ſnatch'd the truth,
Yet with progreſſive patience, ſtep by ſtep,
Self-diffident, or to the ſlower kind,
He thro' the maze of falſehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the laſt, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And even the loſer own'd the juſt decree.

But when, in ſenates, he, to Freedom firm,
Enlighten'd Freedom, plann'd ſalubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
His inſight deep into BRITANNIA'S weal,
Spontaneous ſeem'd from ſimple ſenſe to flow,
And the plain patriot ſmooth'd the brow of law.
No ſpecious ſwell, no frothy pomp of words
Fell on the cheated ear; no ſtudy'd maze
Of declamation, to perplex the right,
He darkening threw around: ſafe in itſelf,
In its own force, all-powerful Reaſon ſpoke;
While on the great the ruling point, at once,
He ſtream'd deciſive day, and ſhow'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence *unbid*,
The heart attends: for let the *Venal* try
Their every hard'ning ſtupifying art,

Truth muſt prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And Nature, ſkilful touch'd, is honeſt ſtill.
Behold him in the councils of his prince,
What faithful light he lends? How rare, in courts,
Such wiſdom! ſuch abilities! and join'd
To virtue ſo determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of ſuch adamantine proof,
As even Corruption, hopeleſs, and o'er-aw'd,
Durſt not have *tempted!* Yet of Manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to pleaſe,
Nobly to pleaſe; while equally he ſcorn'd
Or adulation to receive, or give.
Happy the ſtate, where wakes a ruling eye
Of ſuch inſpection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard ſo vigilant, ſo pure,
Toil may reſign his careleſs head to reſt,
And ever-jealous Freedom ſleep in peace.
Ah! loſt untimely! loſt in downward days!
And many a patriot counſel with him loſt!
Counſels, that might have humbled *Britain*'s foe,
Her native foe, from eldeſt time by fate
Appointed, as did once a *Talbot*'s arms.
Let learning, arts, let univerſal worth,
Lament a patron loſt, a friend and judge.
Unlike the ſons of vanity, that, veil'd
Beneath the patron's proſtituted name,
Dare ſacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And fluſh confuſion o'er an honeſt cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it ſeem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the Public, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous Source of good.
His ſympathizing heart itſelf receiv'd
The generous obligation he beſtow'd.

This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muſes own,
But ſcorn with noble pride the boaſted aid
Of taſteleſs vanity's inſulting hand.
The gracious ſtream, that chears the letter'd world,
Is not the noiſy gift of ſummer's noon,
Whoſe ſudden current, from the naked root,
Waſhes the little ſoil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the bluſhing flowers:
No, 'tis the ſoft-deſcending dews at eve,
The ſilent treaſures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their ſtores, the ſtill night long;
Till, with returning morn, the freſhen'd world,
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and ſong.
Still let me view him in the pleaſing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded ſoul is ſeen.
There, with that trueſt greatneſs he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the ſoft graces of the friendly ſcene,
Inſpiring ſocial confidence and eaſe.
As free the converſe of the wiſe and good,
As joyous, diſentangling every power,
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when amid the various-bloſſom'd ſpring,
Or gentle-beaming autumn's penſive ſhade,
The philoſophic mind with Nature talks.
Say ye, his *Sons*, his dear remains, with whom
The father laid ſuperfluous ſtate aſide,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendſhip rais'd it, with eſteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! ſpeak the joy,
The pure ſerene, the chearful wiſdom mild,

The virtuous ſpirit, which his vacant hours,
In ſemblance of amuſement, thro' the breaſt
Infus'd. And thou, O *Rundle*!* lend thy ſtrain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his ſoul!
In whom the head and heart their ſtores unite:
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
Judgment digeſts, the well-tun'd boſom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muſes ſing.
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,
With memory converſing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled ſhore you, penſive, ſtray,
Where *Derry*'s mountains a bleak creſcent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That from the frozen pole, reſounding, ruſh,
Impetuous. Tho' from native ſun-ſhine driven,
Driven from your friends, the ſun-ſhine of the ſoul,
By ſlanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth; yet will you bleſs your lot,
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence *Talbot*'s friendſhip glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into ſlow eſteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the ſweet light from mingled minds diſclos'd,
From mingled chymic oils as burſts the fire.

I too remember well that chearful bowl,
Which round his table flow'd. The ſerious there
Mix'd with the ſportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth ſoften'd wiſdom, candour temper'd mirth;
And wit its honey lent, without the ſting.
Not ſimple Nature's unaffected ſons,

* Dr. *Rundle*, late Biſhop of *Derry* in *Ireland*.

The blameleſs *Indians*, round the foreſt-chear,
In ſunny lawn or ſhady covert ſet,
Hold more unſpotted converſe: nor, of old,
Rome's awful conſuls, her dictator-ſwains,
As on the product of their *Sabine* farms
They far'd, with ſtricter virtue fed the ſoul:
Nor yet in *Athens*, at an *Attic* meal,
Where *Socrates* preſided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refin'd, or deeper ſcience reign'd.
But far beyond the little vulgar bounds
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By juſt degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Extended his benevolence: a friend
To human kind, to parent Nature's works.
Of free acceſs, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And ſpread an open countenance, where ſmil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodneſs ſhone:
For *nothing human foreign was to him.*
Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be ſupported, you ſucceed:
But kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, thro' lateſt time, enrich your race,
When groſſer wealth ſhall moulder into duſt,
And with their authors in oblivion ſunk
Vain titles lie, the ſervile badges oft
Of mean ſubmiſſion, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, thro' every land and age,

Of univerſal Reaſon's various ſons,
And even of God himſelf, ſole perfect Judge!
Yet knows theſe nobleſt honours of the mind
On rigid terms deſcend: the high-plac'd heir,
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
Malignant ſeeks out faults, cannot thro' life,
Amid the nameleſs inſects of a court,
Unheeded ſteal: but, with his ſire compar'd,
He muſt be glorious, or he muſt be ſcorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear
A name to *Britons* dear, th' officious Muſe
May ſafely ſing, and ſing without reſerve.
Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear
That ſhould a *Talbot* mourn. Ourſelves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and ſtrength,
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,
That we ſuch virtues knew, ſuch virtues felt,
And feel them ſtill, teaching our views to riſe
Thro'-ever-bright'ning ſcenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worſt of zealots! ye that, prone
To thoughtleſs duſt, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its ſpirit draws,
And every pain its balm: a *Talbot*'s light,
A *Talbot*'s virtues claim another ſource,
Than the blind maze of undeſigning blood;
Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid ſtream.
Methinks I ſee his mounting ſpirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bleſs mankind,
Eternal Goodneſs, on this darkſome ſpot,
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,

And to th' Almighty Father's preſence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliſs,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot ſhades, and point him out
With joyful pride, *Britannia*'s blameleſs boaſt.
Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the beſt of ſons!
The beſt of friends!——Too ſoon is realiz'd
That hope, which once forbad thy tears to flow!
Mean-while the kindred ſouls of every land,
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error) mingled now,
In one ſelected never-jarring ſtate,
Where God himſelf their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet, ſuch the ſenſe that ſtill
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loſs they drop a pitying tear.
But ceaſe, preſumptuous Muſe, nor vainly ſtrive
To quit this cloudy ſphere that binds thee down:
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace theſe ſcenes,
Scenes, that our groſs ideas grovelling caſt
Behind, and ſtrike our boldeſt language dumb.

Forgive, immortal ſhade! if aught from earth,
From duſt low-warbled, to thoſe groves can riſe,
Where flows celeſtial harmony, forgive
This fond ſuperfluous verſe. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impreſs'd, thy deeds themſelves
Atteſt thy praiſe. Thy praiſe the widow's ſighs,
And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The ſons of juſtice and the ſons of ſtrife,
All who or freedom or who intereſt prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all,
Conſpire to ſwell thy ſpotleſs praiſe to heaven.

Glad heaven receives it, and ſeraphic lyres
With ſongs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inſpires
The Muſe, beſides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her prieſteſs, gives it her, to hymn
Whatever good and excellent ſhe forms.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH of Mr. AIKMAN,

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

AS thoſe we love decay, we die in part,
String after ſtring is ſever'd from the heart;
Till looſen'd life, at laſt, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who lateſt feels the blow,
Whoſe eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can reſign is breath.

ODE.

I.

TELL me, thou ſoul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or doſt thou, free, at pleaſure, roam,
And ſometimes ſhare thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his chearleſs home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'ſt round my walk,
While, under ev'ry well-known tree,
I to thy fancy'd ſhadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beſide ſome ſympathetic ſtream,
In ſlumber find a ſhort relief,
Oh viſit thou my ſoothing dream!

EPITAPH

ON

MISS STANLEY.

HERE, Stanley, reſt, eſcap'd this mortal ſtrife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties ſtain,
And ſternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more ſweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy ſick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to ſave her anxious groan,
No more thy boſom preſſes down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliſs ſincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleaſing tear!

O born to bloom, then ſink beneath the ſtorm;
To ſhow us Virtue in her faireſt form;
To ſhow us artleſs Reaſon's moral reign,
What boaſtful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient paſſions knowing each their part;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!

Yes, we muſt follow ſoon, will glad obey,
When a few ſuns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will cloſe the willing eye:
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.
Bleſt be the bark! that wafts us to the ſhore,
Where death-divided friends ſhall part no more:
To join thee there, here with thy duſt repoſe,
Is all the hope thy hapleſs mother knows.

TO

The Rev. Mr. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL IN SUFFOLK.

MDCCXXXVIII.

THUS ſafely low, my friend, thou can'ſt not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noiſe, no care, no vanity, no ſtrife;
Men, woods and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each paſſion down, however dear;
Truſt me, the tender are the moſt ſevere.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philoſophic eaſe,
And aſk no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the ſtorms of fate:
High bliſs is only for a higher ſtate.

A

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;
While all my warring paſſions are at ſtrife,
O, let me liſten to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart:
Think not, when all, your ſcanty ſtores afford,
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempeſt bears;
What farther ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe ſhiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?
Behold! and look away your low deſpair——
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor ſtores, nor granaries, belong,
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleaſing ſong;

Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing, that flits along the ſky.
To him they ſing, when Spring renews the plain,
To him they cry, in Winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their muſic nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay, and the diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.

Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal veſtments can with them compare!
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair!

If, ceaſeleſs, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithleſs, ſay?
Is he unwiſe? or, are ye leſs than they?

SONG.

ONE day the God of fond deſire,
On miſchief bent, to Damon ſaid,
Why not diſcloſe your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

The ſhepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, ſoftly ſighing, thus reply'd:
'Tis true you have ſubdu'd my heart,
But ſhall not triumph o'er my pride.

The ſlave in private only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals;
But when his paſſion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the ſympathetic groves,
But to the lonely liſtening plain.

Oh! when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
Oh! when her footſteps next are ſeen
In flowery tracks along the mead,
In freſher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle ſpirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And ſigh my ſorrows in her ear.

Oh tell her what ſhe cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue muſt ever bind;
Oh tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her ſpotleſs ſoul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaſter tenderneſs his care,
Not purer her own wiſhes riſe,
Not holier her own ſighs in prayer.

But if, at firſt, her virgin fear
Should ſtart at love's ſuſpected name,
With that of friendſhip ſooth her ear——
True love and friendſhip are the ſame.

SONG.

UNLESS with my Amanda bleſt,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unleſs to deck her ſweeter breaſt,
In vain I rear the breathing flower:

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me ſing;
In vain the freſhening fields appear:
Without my love there is no ſpring.

SONG.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part:

Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But buſy buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs joyleſs vow,
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG.

COME, gentle God of ſoft deſire,
Come and poſſeſs my happy breaſt,
Not fury-like in flames and fire,
Or frantic folly's wildneſs dreſt;

But come in friendſhip's angel-guiſe:
Yet dearer thou than friendſhip art,
More tender ſpirit in thy eyes,
More ſweet emotions at the heart,

O come with goodneſs in thy train,
With peace and pleaſure void of ſtorm,
And wouldſt thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

O D E.

O Nightingale, beſt poet of the grove,
That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to
Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love:
O lend that ſtrain, ſweet Nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my boſom charms,
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by Nature's ſimple laws
Lead your ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by Nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and ſong is all your pleaſing care:

But we, vain ſlaves of int'reſt and of pride,
Dare not be bleſt, leſt envious tongues ſhould blame
And hence in vain I languiſh for my bride;
O mourn with me, ſweet bird, my hapleſs flame.

ODE,

TO SERAPHINA.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the falſe illuſive light,
Whoſe flattering unauſpicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that ſweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
Is like the ſacred queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers bleſt,
Conducting them to peace and reſt.
A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguiſh, guilt, and folly join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes diſpenſe
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in viſions angels ſhed
Around the heav'n-illumin'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina, ſure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low paſſions to eſcape;
And woo bright virtue's faireſt ſhape;
'Tis ecſtacy with wiſdom join'd;
And heaven infus'd into the mind.

ODE
ON
ÆOLUS's HARP*.

ÆThereal race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the ſecret grove;
Ye unſeen beings to my harp repair,
And raiſe majeſtic ſtrains, or melt in love.

Thoſe tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
With what ſoft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of ſome unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, theſe ſweet complainings part.

But hark! that ſtrain was of a graver tone,
On the deep ſtrings his hand ſome hermit throws;
Or he the ſacred Bard†; who ſat alone,
In the drear waſte, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the ſong which Zion's children ſung,
When by Euphrates' ſtream they made their plaint;
And to ſuch ſadly ſolemn notes are ſtrung
Angelic harps, to ſooth a dying ſaint.

Methinks I hear the full celeſtial choir,
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raiſe;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conſpire
To ſwell the lofty hymn, from praiſe to praiſe.

Let me, ye wand'ring ſpirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the ſtring,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you ceaſe, my Muſe forgets to ſing.

* *Æolus's Harp* is a muſical inſtrument which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. *Oſwald*; its properties are fully deſcribed in the *Caſtle of Indolence*.

† Jeremiah.

HYMN
ON
SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleaſing Solitude,
Companion of the wiſe and good;
But from whoſe holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools, and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk,
Which innocence, and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.
A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe.
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky.
A ſhepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain,
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendſhip, you aſſume
The gentle-looking HARFORD's bloom,
As, with her MUSIDORA, ſhe
(Her MUSIDORA fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;

And while Meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſkip ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.
Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage, and ſwain;
Plain Innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearleſs head:
Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And chear thy glooms with light divine:
About thee ſports ſweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania ſings to thee.
Oh, let me pierce thy ſecret cell!
And in thy deep receſſes dwell;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

10-11-29

1st 1/2 ——— 2nd 1/2 Summer & Winter.